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THE JERUSALEM  
**POST**  
MAGAZINE

Friday, November 30, 1973

*Labour Party votes*



05.11.73

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## THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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Cover picture: Prime Minister raises her voting card ("Kartia Hatzabai") in the vote against postponing the elections taken at the Labour Party's Central Committee meeting in Tel Aviv on Wednesday night.  
(David Rubinger)

The Book Section: Friedrich Duerrenmatt castigates his fellow-writers for failing to speak out in the recent war. Reviews of Heinrich Boell's Nobel Prize novel; Louis Auchincloss's latest picture of W.A.S.P. society; a new book on prehistoric Greece and Cyprus; a volume of essays on the American South; two studies of dissonance in the Soviet Union; and a couple of thrillers.

Meir Ronnen visits "Africa" with his camera.

Phillip Gillon talks to a returned prisoner of war.

Martha Melasels recommends soya for economical nutrition. Hadassah Bat Haim's granddaughter gets in on the act.

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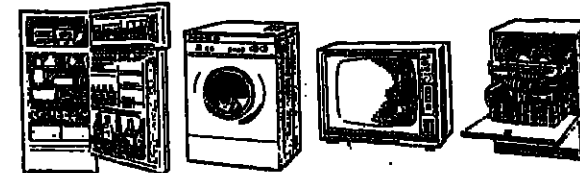
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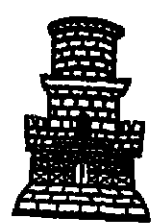
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Call for review of security doctrine; various methods for assuring safety; not only territorial changes

## THE WINDOWS SHOULD BE OPENED

Abba Eban



IT IS hard to believe that less than two months have passed since Yom Kippur. The world in which we lived before that day, recedes further and further into a distant haze of recollection. The war has shaken Israelis out of the images and ways of thought in which they had lived for over six years. Nothing now seems more discordant than the slogans and vocabulary that seemed adequate at the beginning of last month. Since all these became suddenly obsolete in a single week — the intellectual and emotional shock is hard to sustain. We are summoned almost overnight to a far-reaching reconstruction of our conceptual world.

The paradox is that the agonized national debate goes forward within the objective reality of triumph. There has been no decline in the typical Israeli virtues — tenacity, courage, responsibility, self-sacrifice, pragmatic resourcefulness and above all — an immense power of recuperation.

If these qualities had failed, we would have been overwhelmed. Because they existed, our forces were able to embark on a brilliant thrust which pushed the tide of aggression away from our gates. Without these successes in the field there would have been no cease-fire, and the Arab Governments would not have agreed to negotiate at a Peace Conference. My experience tells me this: whenever I hear a cease-fire being seriously discussed at the United Nations I know that Israeli forces are doing very well. When Israel was hard-pressed and in peril, the idea of a cease-fire was regarded by most delegates at East River as an eccentric joke.

The sombre and reflective mood of our nation today is a tribute to its realism and emotional integrity. But it should not be carried to an apocalyptic degree. We have not been defeated or conquered; our non-combatant population was spared the worst rigours of war; and the Arab attacks did not achieve their military aims. Indeed, it is hard to imagine how combined assault forces of 5,000 tanks and 1,300 aircraft with vast missile support and the advantage of surprise could ever achieve a more meagre or negative result than the result reflected in the difference between the October 5 cease-fire lines and lines of today.

YET WHEN all is said and remembered this is a victory without celebration. In other words of combat little counts except the final result: and if the final result is victory — who cares how the score stood at half-time? But war is not like any other form of rivalry or competition or conflict. Here the hazard is nothing less than human lives. So Israel looks sadly on its own victory. We understand that the perils of the first week are just as much a political reality as the triumph of the subsequent days. It has in some degree modified the standards by which the world appraises Israel and Arabs — and by which they appraise each other. It appears that the uniquely crushing extent of our 1967 triumph — a hundred per cent Israeli victory and a hundred per cent Arab defeat — was not an authentic or permanent reflection of the real military balance.

Arabs and Israelis should not have constructed their images of what they and we are in accordance with that particular encounter. I still hold that our nation retains a remarkable preponderance in those elements of strength which counterbalance the quantitative superiority of these arrayed against us. But if the gap is wide, we should not believe that it is unlimited or infinite.

The danger, of course, is lest we allow the pendulum to swing too far — from excessive buoyancy to an excessive pessimism, which would be sterile in its results and unfounded in objective fact.

The sudden need to achieve a new proportion in our relationship to our environment is challenging enough. But it is not only, or even our primary ordeal. When we speak of a sense of irreplaceable loss we mean the thousands of lives lost and crippled. Let this be clear: nothing else is irreplaceable, and therefore nothing else can be put on the same level of discussion as this. The tanks and aircraft and guns can be replaced — and by the grace of our partnership with the United States, they have been and are being replaced. The money can be replenished. The lost production can be made up.

And with the transition from war to a more stable order of relations, many political positions can be regained or fortified. Families in Israel are not coming together to mourn a tank or a plane or an African embassy or a depleted exchequer. We have many categories of adversity to overcome; but we should be false to our humanistic values if we evaded the uniqueness and centrality of the specific anguish arising from the loss of the only thing that can never be replaced. It may be comforting for some and convenient for others to consider this human tragedy in the context of other disappointments from which no loss of life has ensued. But our Jewish instinct commands us to see the spectacle of death as an experience of unique scope. It involves responsibilities and moral predicaments that cannot be emulated or shared in any other context whatever.

The October war brought us face to face with the crisis of our human vulnerability. Anyone who reads or writes about Jewish history comes up against this pre-occupation again and again. The special pathos of Jewish history lies in the immense place occupied by the problem of being Jewish and yet staying alive. The Israelis who have given their lives in this war compound a previous toll — of those who were lost in 1947 and 1948 and in the attrition and violence in between. And these memories are enacted against the dark and forgotten background of the Holocaust with its six million martyrs. There is no other national experience even remotely similar to this.

Perhaps this is one of the factors that makes Israel's security "obsessions" so hard for others to grasp. And even when the right of individual Jewish survival has been secured in some places and some generations, we have stood before the other Jewish predicament: how to survive in our collective identity in our own image, our own frame of values, our own particularity, our own faith and tongue — in short, in our own nationhood. How rarely have the twin rights of individual and collective survival been a matter of course for Jews for any length of time!

In a country with these memories and these conditions, it is not surprising that the national security doctrine should be the decisive element in the nation's life and policy. Since 1967 our security doctrine was clear. We had sufficient preponderance to deter any likely assault; or if an assault took place to defeat it with such speed and, therefore, with such little cost as to strengthen our power of deterrence still further. In that event there would be no time or occasion for the conflict to get caught up in the Great Power rivalries, so that Israel's autonomy of political movement would remain intact. With no hope of changing the established situation by force, our neighbours would find negotiation to be their only option.

So long as this appraisal of the military balance was valid, all the other aspects of Israel's official policy were at least intellectually

coherent whether anyone accepted them or not. Israel's policy, diplomacy, posture, as well as her social and domestic priorities all fell into place. Once the first link in the sequence of assumptions fails to stand firm, nothing else is solid, and the whole chain comes under the need of review.

The review cannot afford to stare into the future and turn its back on the past. "He who does not remember the past is doomed to repeat it." The truth is that even our pre-war policies were sometimes undermined by being taken out of their own balance and proportion. A doctrine based on absolute confidence caused the national style and rhetoric to become overly strident. Domestic rivalries led to the proliferation of maximalist statements. Israel's rights and claims, legitimate in themselves, were often proclaimed in a vacuum, without a due attempt to bring them into harmony with the rights and claims of others. It was properly recognized as it still must be — that previous borders must be changed or adapted in such manner as to give Israel a strong chance of withstanding the first momentum of an assault. The October experience, if anything, reinforces this principle. But this does not mean that it was right for many Israelis to present the position of boundaries as the sole condition of security, rather than as one of its conditions.

AN INTEGRAL SECURITY doctrine would include, along with the territorial component, such elements as the balance of forces, the vigilance and spirit of defenders, precision in organization, the technical productivity of the economy, the moral quality of the public sector as a whole, the ability to draw strength from external connections. It was not everywhere realized that without these our security would be undermined no matter what boundaries we had. Those who listened to what was said from many platforms might have attributed to us quite wrongly — the fallacious belief that a list of the places which we would never abandon constituted in itself a total and adequate statement of our national policy.

The style of the national rhetoric became an immensely important element in the formation of policy and in determining Israel's policy abroad, including in places where vital security interests could be affected by decisions outside our sovereign control. It was not always taken into account that policy should be directed not only to making the enemy unable to fight us again, but also to the hope of making him unwilling to fight us again. The logic of war is power, and power has no inherent limit. The logic of peace is proportion, and proportion implies limitation. Deterrence and persuasion are not incompatible. But their combination implies a certain restraint.

Meanwhile on the fringes of our political spectrum some illusions were sprouting fast. (Alas! They did not always remain on the fringes. They sometimes invaded the centre.) These were not at all inherent in our official policy, but they often threatened to swamp and silence the official voices. I mean the illusion that the cease-fire could exist indefinitely in a diplomatic vacuum, with no constancy of political activity. I mean the illusion that a million Arabs would be kept under Israeli control forever provided that their economic and social welfare was impressively advanced; the illusion that Zionism forbade a sharing of national sovereignty between two nations in the former Palestine Mandate area; the illusion that Israel's historic legacy was exclusively a matter

of geography and not also, and principally, a heritage of prophetic values of which the central value was peace. The fallacy that to see anything temporary in some of Israel's positions west of the Jordan was tantamount to alienation from the Biblical culture. The fallacy that a nation could not be strong unless it demonstrated its toughness in every contingency.

WE SHOULD NOT underestimate the provocations from outside which made all these things understandable. The task before us today is to rebuild our concepts and our style in the sequel of the terrible drama that we have lived. This does not mean that we should jettison everything from our past attitudes, whether valid or not. I see a real peril both in extreme tangential departures — and in continuing inertia. But it does mean that the windows should be opened, for I believe that there is a new air to breathe. We should not abandon the idea of strategic depth to protect our populated centres. But there is a veritable range of methods by which this can be achieved — sometimes but not always by territorial change. The problem can be aggravated if we think of erecting vast population centres deep in Sinai — and then look for additional strategic depth to defend them — and so on to infinity — or absurdity.

These and other problems will arise in the new context of the Peace Conference. There is no reason to be rhapsodic about this prospect — for the intrinsic difficulties are immense, and dialogue does not make peace inevitable. It does, however, make it less improbable. Our national Jewish experience makes it inevitable that in most situations we should be more aware of risks than of opportunities. But the duty of leadership must sometimes transcend the national experience and not be committed to it to the point of inertia. Our task is to bridge the gap between our nation's experience and its vision, between our tradition and our future. The peace conference must be approached as an opportunity and not only as a danger. The readiness of Arab States to break a long inhibition and to enter a civilized negotiating context could of course turn out to be illusory. But it could also be significant and even revolutionary. Only a positivist approach can put the issue to a valid test. We should construct a model of a Middle East without enemies, a community of sovereign states united in a regional devotion. The prospect may be far, but the architect makes a picture of the finished structure before he begins arduously to build.

THESE QUESTIONS are destined to be resolved in our Israeli society in the coming months with our characteristic intensity. I could wish that they might be discussed with some calmness and coolness, even with some tenderness and mutual compassion, for grief has struck in every camp and every party. There is an excessive personalization of the public debate. This also belongs to the particular heritage of the past decade. For the future let us recognize that virulent gossip is no substitute for candid analysis. Leadership has the duty of creating an atmosphere conducive to the expression of diverse and sometimes disconcerting ideas.

Text of address to the Conference of Presidents of the major Jewish organizations in the U.S. and Canada delivered in Jerusalem on Tuesday before the Labour Party formulated its new election platform on security and peace.



# YADID AMITI LEKOL MISHPACHA (A true friend to every family)

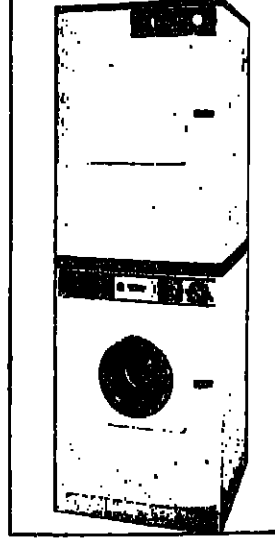
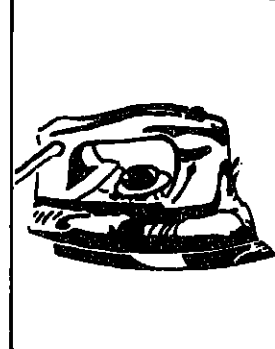
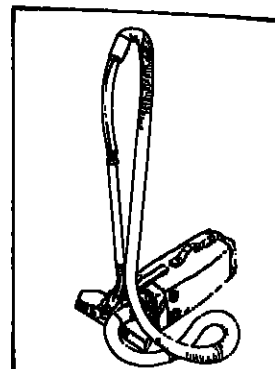


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Moshe Dayan and Gaza notables: It is certainly absurd that we should sit down in Geneva to talk with the Egyptians and even the Syrians and not with the Palestinians. (U.P.I.)

IT USED TO BE said, particularly by pacifists, that wars change nothing, solve nothing. They only kill and destroy. Now many people say that the war has "changed everything." Foreign Minister Eban writes on an earlier page that the world in which we lived before the war has receded into "a distant haze of recollection."

What has changed and what has stayed the same? By what ever blandishments, U.S. Secretary of State Kissinger has persuaded Egypt, and possibly Syria and Jordan, to attend talks to be held in Geneva shortly, an officially labelled "Peace Conference." This is an immense change, for the word peace was totally taboo to all Arabs up to now. The other change is that in the fourth war since 1948 the Arab states have developed military capacity; they mounted a huge attack in conditions of total secrecy, a Saudi minister designed an effective oil campaign; they have drawn the Russians into the area and caused a tremor of acute anxiety to pass across the Western world. Change enough.

We did not play our political cards as well as our army fought. And so, despite effective military moves, and Egyptian defeat only staved off by Soviet intervention, the Arabs have run away with the idea that Israel has been defeated on the home front and the pitiful remnants are lying around waiting to be picked up. U.S. Secretary of State Rogers once heard it said that we were "coming apart at the seams" (there had been some Black Panther demonstrations in Jerusalem) and thought it was time for the Rogers Plan. Throat-cutting campaigns among the generals, and inside the Government, generously echoed in the press, may make the revival of this plan seem promising at the present time. There are changes in the environment. There is an increase in Arab strength; there is an urgent desire in the West for peace in the area because the vibrations of war have spread far this time. The shock of an unexpected war that cannot be finished quickly has shaken an Israel trying to forget that we had not yet got peace.

These are grave changes. What has not changed since the war? Our need for national independence, security, peace, good relations with the rest of the world and all the rest. They still depend on much the same criteria as before and each of us will strike off as obsolete only those fragments of the earlier pre-war picture that seemed superfluous or even repugnant to him before.

## NOT A NEW WORLD

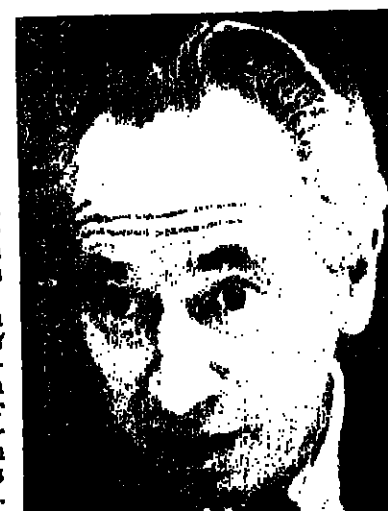
Defence Minister Dayan has observed that he never favoured actually taking the Suez Canal in 1967 — on the grounds that the Egyptians could not do without it in the long run — and would be willing to write it off in favour of a full disengagement of Israel and Egyptian forces. The argument applies to those who, like, Foreign Minister Eban, and Mrs. Meir too, up to a point, did not think that the security considerations involved in the occupation of the Jordan West Bank outweighed the political, social and demographic problems. The problem itself is still there.

The war changed nothing in that area, and there is no obvious evidence that it was the impetus of the million Arabs on the West Bank for a solution for their political future that sparked the war. It was quiet enough there, and even the traffic across the bridges to Jordan continued.

Mr. Dayan says bluntly: "They can live in Hebron and Nablus if our forces are on the Jordan. We can't live here if the terrorists are in those places. As they would be if the area was a separate entity, or had autonomy. It is not a perfect solution? I am talking for Israel, of our needs. This is not Luxemburg and Germany (where there can be quarrels over sovereignty but the populations will live at peace). In general, and inside the Government, generously echoed in the press, may make the revival of this plan seem promising at the present time. There are changes in the environment. There is an increase in Arab strength; there is an urgent desire in the West for peace in the area because the vibrations of war have spread far this time. The shock of an unexpected war that cannot be finished quickly has shaken an Israel trying to forget that we had not yet got peace.

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### Lea Ben Dor



Shimon Peres: would the Russians have intervened? (David Rubinger)

of a third state in the area, or the return of terrorists or refugees who have lived in the Lebanon for 25 years, but on how we can live together.

TRANSPORT MINISTER Shimon Peres elaborates on the theme. "They said they would not take part in the city elections. When they were held, people did take part because it concerned them. There could be total self-determination in everything but security and some aspects of foreign affairs. It is a matter of differentiating between the local and national, and federal affairs. It happens elections too. Do you think the Kurds would vote for one moment to remain a part of Iraq, if they were asked? The Blacks of Alabama might have something to say on their citizenship, too."

Mr. Dayan says he sees no prospect of peace with Syria or any possibility of moving down from the Golan Heights and allowing Syrian forces to re-occupy the escarpment from which they were accustomed for years to shoot down at Israel settlements around Lake Tiberias. If we had

not thought that, we could not have allowed the settlers to go back to the Golan as soon as the shooting stopped. They know they are there without formal peace. They say they have more applicants to join them than they have room for. How much has changed there?

He thinks the same applies to the area south and west of the Gaza Strip, which is important to our security, but not to that of the Egyptians. If there is no permanent Jewish settlement on the far side of the Gaza area, then the border is open and incapable of being controlled.

HOW GOOD ARE the prospects of a peace agreement at Geneva, with these reservations? How good are they with the reservation that Jerusalem will not be divided again, and that we will not move from the Old City, and the Western Wall, for instance, to which we had no access until 1967, despite an agreement with Jordan signed at the Armistice talks? To judge by the resolutions taken at Algiers, there can be no peace without total withdrawal and the "restoration of the rights of the Palestinians," which probably means the return to Israel of any Arab who claims to have left the area in 1948, and his descendants.

Then there won't be peace, and there is no change. Dayan says the present situation on the Canal is not tolerable for the Egyptians for any length of time, just as it is not easy for us to keep so large a number of reserves in the field. We would like full disengagement: the Egyptians demand one-sided Israel withdrawal, preferably all the way to the Milla Pass for a start. They are not willing to give anything away. But with the prisoners returned, there is no longer any overwhelming reason to supply the 3rd Army or Suez, if the Egyptians will not agree to disengagement. In any assumption of fighting the 3rd Army, stripped of its missile protection, would be extremely vulnerable. There is room here for genuine bargaining to the benefit of both sides.

Will the Russians intervene? Only if we appear to threaten Cairo.

SHIMON PERES enlarges on this point. The Russians will sit back and watch as long as we defeat Egypt on our own ground, or in Sinai. It is a different matter on the other side of the Canal. There they are sensitive. And if the Kremlin did not want a war, then at least the Soviet military mission entrusted with training and equipping the Egyptians had "adopted" it, and was anxious to see success. When the fighting began they were anxious to begin with, then pleased with the success. When the Israeli army began to win, they brought in the ceasefire. Would they have intervened? If we had refused to supply the 3rd Army, they might have pushed a resolution through the U.N. that the army should be fed, and undertaken to do the job themselves with their own helicopters of the Egyptians. If there is no permanent Jewish settlement on the far side of the Gaza area, then the border is open and incapable of being controlled.

On the whole, the Russians are quite willing to let Dr. Kissinger break his teeth on shifting us, and promise something extra — say freedom for the terrorists to act — after that is finished. It is the only way they can hope to compete with China. Just lately, the Chinese have been a little less emphatically hostile towards us; we should always be ready to look for new options, in political relations, in technology, in immigration. Some tensions reach a natural end. The Nine in Europe made ponderous pro-Arab declarations in the hope of getting more oil. What difference has that made to us? The oil crisis will run its course now, with the whole world spurred to develop other sources of energy to protect them against the Arab monopoly. While oil was cheap, there was no incentive, even no funding, to develop gas or nuclear energy. The more expensive oil gets, the cheaper the other sources are by comparison. In America they say it is lucky the oil crisis came now, and not three years' time, when the world would have become dependent on Arab oil. Now work is going on the Alaska pipeline and money to deal temporarily with atomic wastes, until a permanent solution is found for this problem.

BUT AREN'T the Arabs pressing us? Leaning on us? They say they are not putting a pistol to our head, says Mr. Dayan. They probably wouldn't even stop supplying arms. They would like a solution. What would a guarantee be worth? Who knows. But both ministers seemed agreed that if we were going to see Soviet forces in the area, it would be preferable to see them in the Sinai.

05.11.1974



**F**OR MORE than two generations the international oil companies, with their vast accumulation of wealth, radiated an aura of almost legendary power. Their organizational structure spread horizontally over the globe; vertically, it embraced all stages of the petroleum trade.

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Electric power stations, fleets of fast-moving ships, railways, aircraft, cars, mass-producing industry, mechanized agriculture and instant communication systems — all these technological miracles are wholly or partly the offspring of the runaway expansion in the production of oil and of the sophisticated diversification of the products of oil; and their maintenance has depended heavily on the regular supply and low price of petroleum.

The interlinked fortunes of the oil companies and the industrial giants in the first half of the 20th century were based on the political conditions that prevailed during this seminal period of their development.

Colonial imperialism was still blooming in the Western world, under the paramountcy of Britain, France and Germany. World War I eliminated Germany as an imperial power and weakened the others by introducing the United States as a contender for world influence. World War II resulted in even more drastic changes: formal colonialism came to an end and the competitors for the new "spheres of influence" were the U.S. and the Soviet Union. Since then, the grip of these opposing blocs has been slowly weakened as new alliances in the "Third World" strive for influence and control.

In the two decades between the two World Wars, oil companies achieved their most spectacular growth. During those years, force of arms in actual warfare was believed to be the only means of world domination. With armies becoming mechanized and motorized, the availability of petroleum products was a decisive factor.

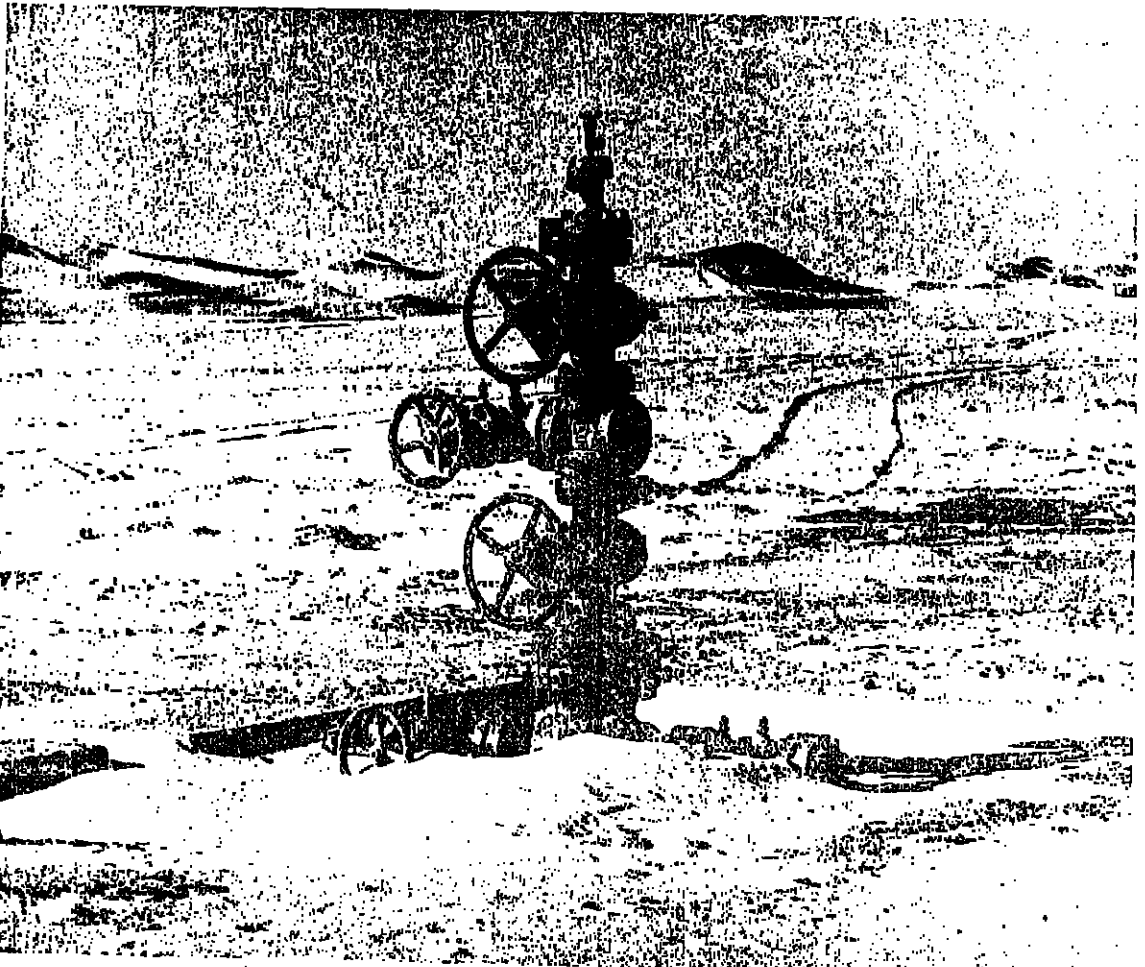
**T**HE WESTERN powers therefore considered it vital to provide their oil companies with full political and military backing in those parts of their colonies or spheres of influence where oil could be found and produced cheaply. This gave tremendous momentum to the private petroleum enterprise, and secured for the Western powers a domination over stocks and the supply of an indispensable component of the war machine.

In this context it made sense to accept, and even encourage, the concentration of the trade in the hands of a few monopolistic companies, to sacrifice some of the advantages of free competition in favour of efficient and integrated sources of production and supply, more amenable to political planning and control.

During these two decades, therefore, the international oil companies enjoyed protected economic conditions that found them at the end of the 1940s at a new peak. Behind their shining facade was a well-based structure embracing production, research and development. Concepts of "total war" on one side and the impact of wartime achievements on peacetime developments on the other, accelerated technological progress. The demand for oil rose steeply. And by the same token, the dependence of the developed countries on a free flow of oil, became greater.

# THE ESSENCE OF THE ENERGY CRISIS

Who is responsible for the present world oil crisis? A major share of the blame, contends fuel expert MOSHE NEEMAN, goes to the short-sighted, profit-grabbing monopolists that are the international oil companies.



The success story continued during the 1950s. Encouraged by their sense of security, the international oil companies developed the habit of divorcing their pricing system from their cost accounting. When Iranian and Arab oil entered the markets, the prevailing high prices of American oil were maintained for the new acquisition, even though Middle East production costs were only a fraction of those in the U.S.

The justification for this was found in pooling costs all over the world and equalizing expensive and cheap oil at unified prices in selected centres of supply — the Gulf of Mexico and later, the Persian Gulf — as geographic-economic points of reference. Oil prices at any place in the world were then calculated by adding to the fixed basic price in the point of reference the actual or theoretical ("phantom") freight costs from the Gulf to the place of consumption. The application of this world price structure was in itself convincing proof of the complete control of the oil companies over all facets of the trade.

**C**HEAP OIL, promising higher profits, encouraged an increased concentration on low-cost oil sources, and resulted in the transfer of all exploration and production activities from the sunning centres in Europe to the Middle East.

During the last two decades, the oil industry's feverish expansion in Asia and Africa has been out of step with, or even opposed to, two major developments which have gradually changed the political climate in the world.

The first was the appearance of new, independent states in Asia and Africa with a very marked objection to any remnants, even economic, of former colonial domination. In those that came to be known as "oil producing countries," this objection took the form of a demand for a greater say in, and more benefit from, the extraction of their "black gold."

And this at a time when the influence of the Western powers was dwindling. First military, then even political backing for the oil companies began to be withdrawn, and they were no longer able to rely on the protected economic conditions on which they had previously depended for expansion.

The second major development was the production of the atom bomb, which made it clear that, for the nuclear powers at least, conventional warfare no longer had a dominant role to play in military thinking. As a result, oil as a material of war lost some of its importance. The existence of the bomb, with its threat of total destruction, shattered the classic belief in "hot war" as a means of achieving world domination.

The resultant reduced military interest in the oil companies, coupled with the dwindling influence of Western governments in the main producing countries of the Middle East and Africa, was paralleled by growing ambitions in the producing countries themselves.

It was not until the end of the '50s, however, that the impact made itself felt on the companies. This was because the abundance of oil in the newly-developed fields in the Middle East

and North and West Africa created a buyer's market.

The companies pushed their sales sky high by offering oil products and crude oil with rebates off their "posted" prices. For years, they conducted a successful competitive drive, defeating coal and delaying the entry of peaceful atomic power into the field. As their sales rose, the companies unilaterally reduced their posted prices; and since the income of the oil-producing countries was linked to these prices, their governments found themselves getting a smaller sum than previously on each barrel of oil.

Blinded by their domination of an expanding energy market, the companies, by what can only be regarded as an amazing lack of foresight accelerated, even if they did not set in motion, a chain of reactions by the governments concerned. The first was the creation of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries — OPEC. During the 13 years of its existence, this organization has gained more real power than any other group of governments allied for economic purposes.

Initially, the oil companies tried a belittling attitude towards OPEC, emphasizing their own hold on the market outlets. But they soon realized the need to accept the new order. Lacking the military and political backing of former days, they faced a new challenge as the OPEC governments gradually, but systematically, deprived them of their power to decide who was to produce oil, where, in what quantities and at what price. They are now confronted with an irreparable crack in their organizational structure — the loss of their once undisputed domination over crude oil production and cost and the free-

ing of their investment in the producing countries. Investments in downstream facilities lost their appeal all over the world now that their profitability was no longer assured by command of crude oil resources. Each individual investment had now to be profitable in itself; the shifting of profitability slowly disappeared. Competition became free and economic risks normal, meaning unusually large companies with what the companies had been used to for decades.

**R**ESPONSIBILITY for comprehensive planning, for the construction of refineries, pipelines and loading and unloading marine facilities, is slowly being shifted to the government of the consuming countries. And this is the real reason for the fuel shortages from which the U.S. has been suffering of late.

The international oil companies' change of orientation was itself an application of sound commercial principles in a changed political environment. It is therefore unrealistic to blame them for the fact that their interests have made them allies of the OPEC governments. But it still remains a sobering fact of life that their interests actually conflict with the interests of the consuming countries.

The organization of the supply of oil, until lately so efficiently performed by the international oil companies, was based on a set of political conditions which collapsed during the '60s. The companies consequently became incapable of performing the functions that would secure the continued flow of oil. Only reduced investments can be expected from them in the search for new sources and the development of downstream facilities.

The governments and the public in the consuming countries have still not fully realized that they can no longer rely on the companies to supply the ever-increasing demand for oil. The slow development of the Alaska and North Sea sources is a reflection of this lack of awareness.

The past policies of the oil companies have aggravated the present situation. The preference given to Middle East oil has made Europe heavily dependent on foreign oil. With the producing countries taking over the pricing of crude, the traditional sources of cheap oil are no longer cheap, and the dependence has grown to dangerous proportions.

Also, coal, atomic energy and other sources of power are not being utilized sufficiently, because they were sacrificed in the past to the commercial interests of the oil companies.

**T**HE REAL interest of the consuming countries now is to encourage oil exploration near the centres of consumption, in territories controlled by their own governments.

The consuming countries cannot rely for energy on other, distant regions of the world, any more than they can for water. Sufficient capital has to be allocated and invested in securing new sources of energy. Only then can balanced relations with the OPEC countries be restored. They will come to realize that oil exists not only in their territories, but if one looks for it purposefully enough, almost everywhere in the world.

Such a realization is bound to remove tension and the temptation to abuse the present distorted supply and demand position. Sound principles of trade, based on the mutual interests of oil producers and oil consumers, will prevail once more.

Dr. Neeman was director of the Finance Ministry's Fuel Authority between 1968 and 1970.

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# SERVICING THE MEN

SURROUNDED BY four husky brothers, a sturdy young man who had returned just the day before from over three-and-a-half years of prison in Egypt, turned up in a large Jaffa office last week to say hello to his boss.

His boss is Aluf-Mishne (res.) Hanan Geyor, managing director of Shekem, and the young man is Mordechai Bavler, a Shekem civilian employee who, together with Mordechai Cohen, was kidnapped by the Egyptians near the Suez Canal in February, 1970. I happened to be in Col. Geyor's office at the time, so I was able to shake hands with Mr. Bavler and add my welcome to that of most of Jaffa, where he lives.

"He was supposed to arrive a day earlier, and the whole street where his home is, was covered with carpets, and there were flags everywhere," Col. Geyor told me. I also learned that both Mordechai returned to Israel not quite the same young men they had been. (Mordechai Bavler, I hasten to add, looks very well indeed.) Captivity is bound to have its effects; in the case of the two young Shekem employees, both of whom come from families which do not expect academic pursuits, one result of prison was study. Partly, this may have been the influence of the captured

## Helga Dudman

Israeli pilots with whom they shared quarters; in any case, both Mordechais began asking for textbooks to be included in the packages regularly shipped by Shekem through the Red Cross, and more requests grew more and more serious and specific. Toward the end, both were working on English matriculation exams from a complete set of textbooks and records.

PLENTY OF OTHER paradoxes, at entirely different levels, can crop up in a conversation about Shekem.

"I run a peacetime organization," said Col. Geyor, whose domain includes supermarkets, furniture shops, a meat-processors plant and a pastry bakery. When the army calls him to reserve duty, he continues at his same desk, but in army fatigues; and the walls of his office slide out to display maps of the fronts, with coloured pins, in the best military style.

In wartime, a peculiar personnel shift occurs at Shekem, whose normal employees include many

young men who man the mobile canteens. These are usually reservists in combat units, and are immediately taken away. So just when the roughest demands are made for front-line services, Shekem calls up its own reservists — older men with "normal" peacetime jobs — who put on their uniforms and take over the mobile installations.

"Right now, we have lawyers, accountants, psychologists and so on on reserve duty to replace our regular men who have been called to their reserve duty." And when the shooting stops but the emergency continues, "that's when soldiers need Shekem even more — and we double our efforts."

Another paradox, or perhaps, rather, rarity: Shekem (the name comes from the Hebrew initials for Shervat Kuntrot u-Miznosim "Canteen and Snack-Bar Service") is a civilian company, though its board of directors is appointed by the Minister of Defence and it is owned by the government. It receives no budget from government sources but is entirely self-supporting, and re-invests its profits in expansion and improvement. Established in 1951, it now has a payroll totalling nearly three thousand, and annual turnover is around IL385m.

"We were better prepared for this war than for the last," said Col. Geyor, in what sounds an unusual statement these days. "We employed five times the number of drivers we did in the Six Day War. We had stock-piled emergency quantities of items, and had stores for 100 canteens ready to be put into action. All our planning turned out to be correct, and if I had to do it over again, I don't think I'd do it differently."

Col. Geyor is able to make a claim like this with disarming Central European charm; he was born in Czechoslovakia, served in the army from 1940, becoming Assistant Quartermaster General, GHQ in 1959, and possibly added a lustre of Oriental finesse during his years as Chief of the Ministry of Defence mission in the Far East from 1962 to 1966. But, of course, Shekem in wartime deals largely in unsophisticated items: chewing gum, cigarettes, cold drinks. Consequently, there was no dependence on American or other foreign sources, and the only items in short supply, which had to be imported (but were available free of international pressure) were transistor and flashlight batteries.

THE "BATTLE OF THE Bottles" is a continuing operation. Shekem provides around 600,000 a day; many of the empties, of course, are tossed right out of the tanks. One of the first things Col. Geyor did, following his call-up at 10 a.m. on Yom Kippur, was to tell the major soft-drink firms that "I was sending controllers to each factory to ensure that there would be supplies for the army at all times." That morning, the organization began to work on a 24-hour basis. "Usually, of course, we work eight hours — we are all Histadrut members."

The same directive went to cigarette factories, and an authorization was received from the Chief Rabbinate that cigarettes could be drawn on the Sabbath. Cigarettes, incidentally, are sold by Shekem at just about the same price that civilians pay, because most of this sum consists of taxes. (This is aside from the 20 cigarettes issued as battle rations.) Soft drinks, on the other hand, cost only ten agoras.

Goulash in Kuneitra is another Shekem bargain — a big bowlful, containing meat, plus a plastic spoon, plus sandwich, is only one pound, and is prepared by a Shekem cook of Hungarian origin. Paprika dishes are not available in Egypt, but there are two "steak bars" in Paid, and on both fronts U.N. soldiers are served Israeli snacks and cigarettes.

Col. Geyor is opposed in principle to spontaneous individual civilian efforts to bring provisions to soldiers — "It just isn't necessary." (In fact, some soldiers have been known to receive three transistors; others have been bringing matches back home to the matchless home front.) From underwear to writing-pads, Shekem attempted to meet the need — printing, for example, 100,000 postcards a day.

At the height of the emergency, the chain reflected the mood of the country: a boom in volunteering, a drastic fall in civilian purchasing. The furniture store, for instance, was turned into a centre for preparing packages for employees on reserve duty. Gadna students and new immigrants worked long shifts in the meat processing plant and the bakery — and whole families worked together for us.

In the midst of all this, the organization continues its functions on yet another front: the absorption of new immigrants. A five-month course is now in progress, training newcomers for administrative positions in Shekem's chain of 34 retail shops, with three more soon to open. Among the 28 men and women, from five countries, aged from 30 to nearly 60, now attending the course, is a teacher of philosophy from the Soviet Union.

## CULINARY NOTES Haim Shapiro Catch that duck

ISAAC BABEL, whose life was cut short by the liquidation of Jewish culture in the U.S.S.R., wrote a series of "polite" sketches of his life as a "polite" officer in the Red Army during the Revolution. The many bespectacled "political" finally won the approval of the Cossacks with whom he served by crushing a goose's head under his heel.

In a bunker somewhere on the west bank of the Suez Canal, one could not help being reminded of Babel's experience as one looked at a duck caught by fellow reservists. The catching of the duck had been facilitated by the fact that it was one of thousands of fowl unsettled by the Egyptian closure of the Sweet Water Canal. Meanwhile, the timed rations, nutritious though they might be, had become ever more monotonous. The consensus was that the duck must be eaten. It was understood that whoever cooked the bird would have to begin from the beginning.



THE UNIT'S medic helped with the plucking and cleaning and the offal was quickly buried to keep the flies away. A wood fire had been prepared and the duck, rubbed with salt and pepper and stuffed with two whole oranges, was spitted on the cleaning tool of an Uzi submachine gun. Although the fire was fed by the fat dripping down, the duck cooked very slowly. Naturally, it had to be rotated fairly constantly to prevent its burning on any one side. After about two hours, the bird was judged to be done. This was tested by the fat dripping down, the duck was turned, and the fat was found to be run clear.

During the last ten minutes of cooking, a little juice from a tin of plums was poured over the bird to give it a glaze and sharpness on the flavour. When the duck was finally removed from the fire, it was allowed to rest for ten minutes while the inevitable time of peas and sweet corn were heated. Then it was carved (or perhaps one should say hacked) and served. One bite gave ample evidence that this particular duck had lived a very long and full life. While the flavour of the orange peel, was faded by the orange peel, was very delicate, the meat was so tough that only those with good teeth could eat it. Obviously, this particular bird would have been better braised for long hours in a pot (if only a pot had been available). Nevertheless, this method of cooking is ideal for a duck raised for market. One should, of course, rub the skin with garlic, as well as salt and pepper. The plum juice could well be replaced by a few tablespoons of honey, flavoured with powdered ginger.

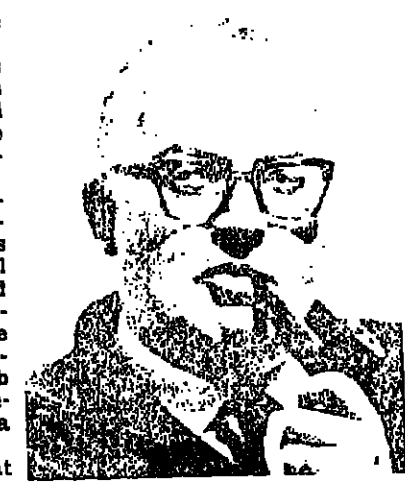
## The Great Silence... Friedrich Duerrenmatt

THERE IS silence among the writers. The great name-signers don't sign their names any more. It was easy to sign protests against the war in Vietnam against the occupation of Czechoslovakia and against the overthrow of Alende; of course you would stand up for Solzhenitsyn and Sakharov. Being involved with the left, you would want to have an at least half-way decent left. But you better not protest against the new Arab-Israeli war; in the end you might be confused with Hans Habe or Axel Springer. The result is silence.

For years it has been fashionable to dismiss the Israelis as fascists and to regard the Palestinian terrorists as heroes moved by sheer despair to do what they are doing (as if there were no pleasure in terrorism). The good-and-evil system of coordinates set up by the intellectual left has prevailed in all but the rightest of

rightist publications and has become the moral currency of the world. Still, even the damnest ideologists — unless they have to be ideologists as they do in the East — realized that it was impossible to fit the new Arab-Israeli war into the Procrustean bed of ideologies. The reasons for their embarrassment are clear. Israel's policies being wrong (that is an opinion I still hold). And I also believe that pitted against each other in this tragic conflict were two just causes. But the wrong policies of Israel have paradoxically been justified by the Arab attack on the Jewish Day of Atonement, a conclusion which makes a thinking person shudder.

"Appeal to reason" is a phrase that to do what they are doing (as if there were no pleasure in terrorism). The good-and-evil system of coordinates set up by the intellectual left has prevailed in all but the rightest of



justice on the side of the loser, and now, afterward, the loser returns to the winner's side.

## ...and one of the silent

GROUP PORTRAIT WITH LADY by Heinrich Boell (McGraw-Hill) 405 pp. \$7.95. Translated from the German by Leila Vennewitz.

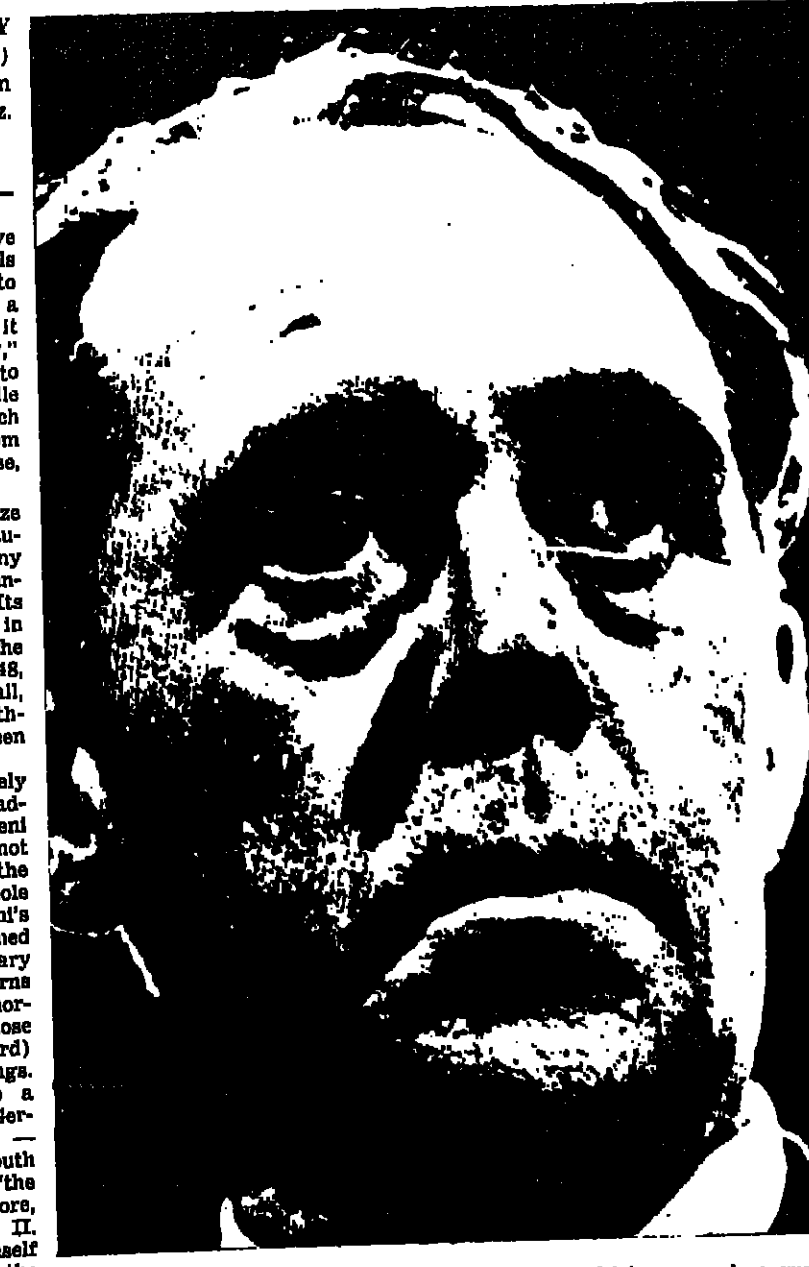
Helga Dudman

SEVERAL PEOPLE to whom I have enthusiastically recommended novels by Heinrich Boell find him hard to take. This is probably simply a matter of taste. I don't believe it is a question of Boell's "Germanity," because I happen to be unable to read much by Günther Grass, while Boell has, to my mind, done much to rescue the German language from itself. This achievement, of course, is lost in translation.

"Lady," which won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1972 for its author (it was published in Germany in 1971) is, for me, a highly original and totally absorbing work. Its heroine is Leni, whom we meet in the first words of the book as "The female protagonist... a woman of 46, German: five foot six inches tall, weight 133 pounds (in indoor clothing), ie only twelve to fourteen ounces below standard weight..."

That is, we meet her obliquely as the result of "the authors' mad-deningly Teutonic researches; Leni in the flesh, as it were, does not appear till much later. We meet the author's "informants" — a whole string of people important in Leni's life, and learn that what seemed at first to be a rather ordinary somewhat eccentric woman turns out to have lived a life of enormous inner richness, and whose "humanity" (an overworked word) rises above her Nazi surroundings. At the same time, we absorb a detailed picture of Germans and Germany from the early 'thirties — Leni's girlhood in the Nazi youth organizations — up through "the present": that is, Germany before, during, and after World War II. The war, in which Boell himself fought as a young soldier, is the central experience, seen from the "home front" point of view. For Leni, its climax comes in her love affair with a young Russian prisoner-of-war, whom she meets in her "war work" — making funeral wreaths — and by whom she has a son.

But to tell the story tells us little. For Boell, the detailed behaviour of his characters is central, and everything is significant — from the way they pour tea to their choice of occupation: Leni's son turns out to be an organizational genius in the



Municipal garbage-collection department, and a nun (Jewish) is obsessed with the digestive process. This point, incidentally, was sharply criticized in one review I read, as "adding nothing" to the character. I disagree; Boell is not operating on any easy Freudian level, for his treatment of psychiatrists is far from kind — but quite funny. Irony, I think, is at the heart of Boell's data-collecting technique. An element of mysticism, in any case, plays its role in this book, as it did in Boell's very fine "Bill-

reportage, which we read so greedily today, and fiction, which in many quarters seems an increasingly dim way of reflecting reality. But, while he is supremely inventive and evocative in this technique — possibly to the extent of exhausting some readers — he also seems to be commenting that this kind of information, which fill up so many millions of IBM cards today, hardly tells us all we should know about people. Come as a Thief, in any case, is a novel of mysticism, in any case, plays its role in this book, as it did in Boell's very fine "Bill-

The Arabs should not try to fool their oil, can afford any war. Soon us. In 1967 they wanted to attack Israel but couldn't because Israel anticipated them. They have been wanting to attack Israel ever since. The difference is that now, having become better soldiers, they were able to attack.

But just because we need their oil, we don't have to buy their lies. Had Israel accepted the United Nations resolution, there still would have been war, only Israel's military position would have been that much more desperate. And knowing that — besides enormous amounts of blood — a little more ink had flowed for her sake, would have been wretched consolation.

This supposition will look monstrous only to those who haven't yet been able to understand that we live in a monstrous world, a world in which there is nothing more cynical than peace.

Only those can afford peace who no longer can afford war — the great industrial powers and the superpowers. The superpowers engage in subsidiary wars — as they do currently, if reluctantly, in their Mideast war — while the small countries must manage with peace.

That Israel, as a small country, always has to afford war — that is her tragedy. But the Arabs, with

hardly at Half Past Nine." Translators have rough going men." It is of especial interest to us, when they are forced to cope with slang at one end of the range, and irony at the other. In this case, there were special problems, and pitfalls. One was the decision to use "Au." For "author," (for the German "Verfasser"), which appears repeatedly and may have given Mrs. Vennewitz some sleepless nights. I found it very annoying (auk? and why capitalized? We are no longer in German) but have no alternative to offer. There are also sentences which are untranslatable in either English or America ("I've hooked myself a rich guy who insists on going to the altar with me"). I hope that such damage, perhaps unavoidable, does not alter too much the fabric of Boell wove so well in his own language.

This book about Germany and Germans by a German who has often been described as "more esteemed abroad than by his fellow countrymen," is of especial interest to us, when they are forced to cope with slang at one end of the range, and irony at the other. In this case, there were special problems, and pitfalls. One was the decision to use "Au." For "author," (for the German "Verfasser"), which appears repeatedly and may have given Mrs. Vennewitz some sleepless nights. I found it very annoying (auk? and why capitalized? We are no longer in German) but have no alternative to offer. There are also sentences which are untranslatable in either English or America ("I've hooked myself a rich guy who insists on going to the altar with me"). I hope that such damage, perhaps unavoidable, does not alter too much the fabric of Boell wove so well in his own language.

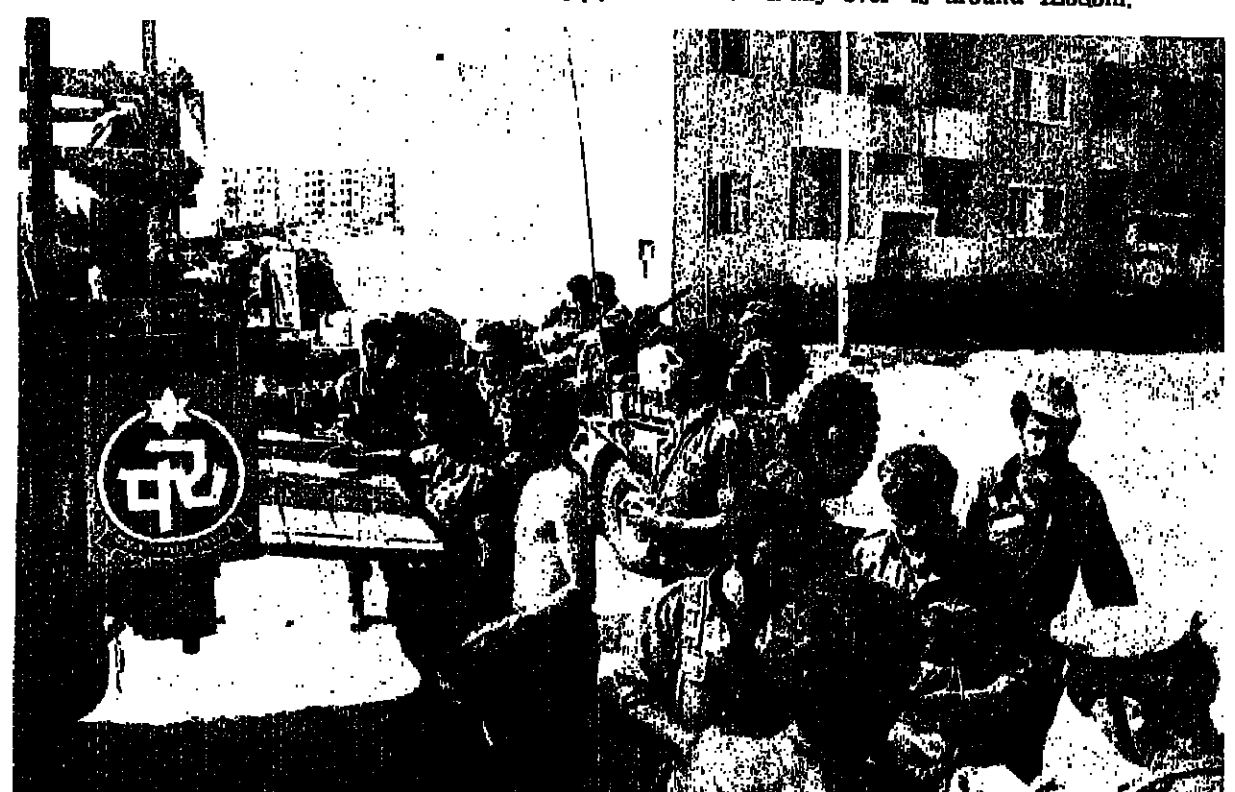
## The corruption of a W.A.S.P.

I COME AS A THIEF by Louis Auchincloss (Weidenfeld and Nicolson) 231 pp. £2.25.

Philip Gillon

THE AMAZING thing about the Watergate affair and the associated scandals is that almost all the villains in the sketch come from the top echelons of the WASPs, and that they commit their shoddy, bumbling crimes for pitiful reasons with inadequate motivation. Had they been Jews like Lansky, Italians like Luciano, Irish like "Boss" Murphy, Americans would have been saddened but hardly surprised. One took that kind of risk when one wrote that business about "the wretched refuse" on the statue of the lady with a lamp. But Nixon, Agnew, Mitchell, Dean, Ehrlichman, Halde-mann, Hunt — these are the names of people (including the Germans) who move from exclusive schools to country clubs that admit dogs but not Cohens.

Louis Auchincloss is the chronicler of this world of Groton, Harvard, Park Avenue and summer cottages in Massachusetts. His latest book, I come as a Thief, was apparently written in 1972, while the Watergate Affair was still only a tiny cloud on



A Shekem truck does a roaring trade in Suez. (Below) A canteen in Paid.





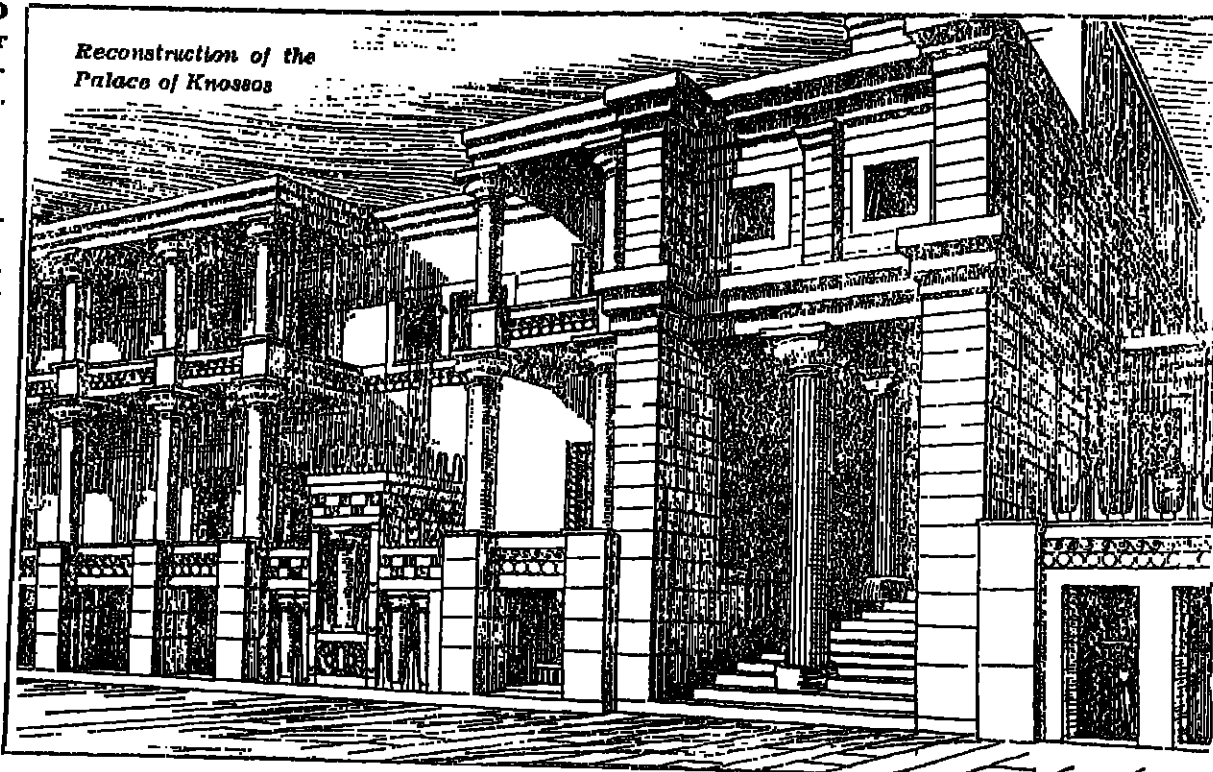
# Shedding new light on ancient Knossos

**PREHISTORIC GREECE AND CYPRUS** by Dr. Hans-Gunter Buchholz and Dr. Vassos Karageorghis (Phaidon). 614 pp. Price: £18.50.

Sylvia Mann

"PREHISTORIC GREECE and Cyprus" is an extraordinary book. Compiled over a span of eight years, its authors—one German, Dr. Buchholz of the German Archaeological Institute in Berlin, and one Cypriot, Dr. Karageorghis, Director of the Cyprus Department of Antiquities in Nicosia—have obviously invested in it a tremendous amount of time and expert knowledge. No effort has been spared in tracing and recording the minutest details, and its 2,000 illustrations, which include colour plates, maps, sketches and diagrams, clarify and illuminate the various points brought out in the text.

The work covers the Stone and Bronze Ages in the region, roughly from earliest days to about the twelfth century BCE, which in Greece coincides with the decline of the Mycenaean Empire and in Cyprus with the end of the late Cypriot period. This was an epoch of movement and unrest in the Middle East, when the Sea People roamed the Mediterranean and the Aegean Sea; when the Philistines were a force to be reckoned with; and when the Israelites migrated from Egypt across the desert of Sinai and were establishing themselves in the Land of Canaan.



Reconstruction of the Palace of Knossos

Clear and concise, the text is divided into two parts, one dealing with the lands around the Aegean Sea and the other with the island of Cyprus. In each case accounts are given of finds and excavations; exact locations of sites noted and interesting observations made on the changing cultures as expressed in archaeology.

A good example can be found even in the opening section on the Palaeolithic period in Greece. Describing the fact that "Prehistoric Greece and Cyprus" may rightly be called a scientific handbook, and that no written documents whatsoever exist from this time, a vivid picture emerges. You see the foundations of the houses in which the Stone Age humans lived; how their dead were buried; the stone clubs, slings, bows and arrows with which they fought, and their flint and ob-

sidian knives and other instruments. Spindle whorls and loom weights witness that Neolithic man spun and wove wool, and shards tell of earthenware vessels were hand-shaped and ornamented. Votive figures of the beginning of religious belief nearly 10,000 years ago.

AS CIVILISATION, developed, the pattern grew more colourful. Living quarters became infinitely more elaborate, and so did burial customs. Fine pottery and glassware appeared, as well as exquisite jewellery, carving, seals and early script, like the Linear A and B found in Knossos. The authors' skill in reviving the long-dead past is constantly in evidence, and among the most effective examples of their mastery is the light shed upon the Minoan Palace of Knossos on the island of Crete. The account of its hundreds of rooms, its association with the cult of the bull, its graceful ritual dancers and high-bosomed ladies makes fascinating reading.

This unusual combination of appeal to the layman and the scientist permeates all the 600-odd pages of "Prehistoric Greece and Cyprus." Less than half is interlarded with photographs, particularly well documented. In addition to textual references, every illustration carries a subtitle, while a fuller description, including the place of discovery (where known), dating, and a list of books and journals where the item is mentioned, is given in what is virtually a separate catalogue. Copious footnotes and a comprehensive bibliography complete a volume on which the authors and their fellow-researchers, as well as the publishers, are to be congratulated.

## Ole Jeb Stuart rides again

**AMERICAN COUNTERPOINT: Slavery and Racism in the North-South Dialogue by C. Vann Woodward.** Boston, Little, Brown. 301 pp. \$2.95.

John S. Reed



AMERICAN HISTORY has, for most readers, a lot in common with science fiction, or moral philosophy. For most of the world, the first century and a half of the American experience—at least as it is represented in the American consciousness—has very little to do with the world as they know it. American society has escaped, or Americans have believed until recently that it had escaped, many of what must seem to others inescapable aspects of the human condition: extreme poverty, insoluble moral dilemmas, defeat in war and occupation by foreign armies, powerlessness and frustration and the knowledge that things will be worse before they are better, and they may not be better at all.

In this context, the American South has served as a Gulliver, considered a freak by those who are themselves a little unusual: a slaveholding folk within a free society; poor and agrarian in a wealthy, industrial nation; a God-fearing island within a secular culture; conquered, occupied, and exploited in a country which used to boast that it had lost a war. But, like Gulliver, it is only in a bizarre context that the South looks odd at all, so that readers of William Faulkner, for example, who are not Americans, find that the history of the South speaks more of things they know—if not of things they desire—than does most American "national" history.

THIS ARGUMENT—that Southerners are after all human (as Californians, for instance, may never be) and that the South has often been "un-American" simply by being like the rest of the world—has been both developed and applied by C. Vann Woodward, and admirably, the best

historian of the American South writing today. He made the point most explicitly in his book, "The Burden of Southern History" (1960); and again in his writings, one finds the Southern particularly speaking to the human generality. It looks like a happy accident: like his fellow-Southerner Faulkner, he seems to be setting out simply to write about men and events, but these just happen to implicate themes of universal significance. When "the facts American history," he has observed, "are speaking for themselves" with striking applicability, one knows there is an accomplished puppet-master somewhere pulling the strings, and Woodward is in fact an

This combination makes for great academic history, and Woodward's string of prizes and offices testifies to his commanding position in his discipline. His painstaking research has established his interpretations of late 19th and early 20th century Southern history as the new conventional wisdom on the subject. In the U.S., Woodward probably finds his largest audience, however, not as a professional historian but as an essayist and critic, for such journals as "The N.Y. Review of Books" and "The N.Y. Times Magazine." "American Counterpoint," his latest book, is a collection of 10 of these more popular essays (three have not been published before) and a preface which amounts to another. It opens with two fascinating historical reviews: "The Southern Bible in a Puritan World," which examines the origins of the laissez-faire (take your pick) component of the "Southern way of life," and "Protestant Slavery in a Catholic World," which examines the uneasy coexistence in the South of Northern European culture and a Latin labour system. In a third essay, a demographic tour de force results when Woodward asks the question why, when most New World slave societies showed long-term decreases in their slave populations, the U.S. freed 10 times as many Blacks as were ever imported.

Three other essays dissect the thought of three quite different Southern writers: "A Southern War and work of George Fitzhugh, an able pre-Civil War propagandist for slavery. One of Fitzhugh's arguments was that laissez-faire capitalism was only an experiment, and he drew Karl Marx to show that the capitalist was not working. 'A Southern Brief for Racial Equality' treats Lewis Harvie Blair, whose 'Prosperity of the South Dependence on the Elevation of the Negro' (1888) was, despite its title, an uncompromising attack on White supremacy (Blair later recanted).

THE LAST ESSAY of the volume, "The Elusive Mind of the South," is a critical examination of W.J. Cash's "The Mind of the South" (1941), a haunting masterpiece, which has acquired a considerable reputation, partly as a work of history. Woodward gives it high marks for style, but thinks the content leaves something to be desired—which, come to think of it, is one thing Cash was saying about the South.

In a few places, Woodward is severe (he scoffs, kindly) with those who let their sentimentality cloud their reading of historical evidence. Cash, writing of the continuity of Southern culture, speaks of the Southern skyscrapers and asks: "Softerly; do you not hear behind the gallop of Jeb Stuart's greyhorses?" Woodward replies, after consideration, "The answer is No! Not one ghostly echo of a gallop. And neither did Jack Cash. He only thought he did when he was bemused."

Ironically, Woodward himself may once have been guilty of the fault he finds in Cash. In his well-known book "The Strange Career of Jim Crow" he attempted to show that segregation was a relatively late development in the South, and hence night perhaps be more easily uprooted. The past was speaking in the present again: this book was published in 1955. Some historians have argued that his desire to place segregation outside the "authentic" Southern tradition led him to overlook evidence of its early practice. In one of the "American Counterpoint" essays, "The Strange Career of a Historical Controversy," Woodward answers his critics—a model of what scholarly controversy should be but too seldom is.

This volume lacks the scholarly clout of Woodward's magisterial "Origins of the New South" (1961) or of "Reunion and Reaction: The Compromise of 1877 and the End of Reconstruction" (1961), but it is in some ways a better introduction to the historiography of the American South, and to the thought and style of its leading interpreter. Jerusalemites will have another opportunity to gaze that acquaintance when Woodward delivers this year's Ealey Lecture on "The African Diaspora in America," at the Hebrew University on December 11, 12, and 13, at 6 p.m.

John S. Reed, sociologist at the University of North Carolina, is Visiting Professor in the Hebrew University's American Studies Department.

## Stalin still hasn't given up

**THE HEIRS OF STALIN:** Dissidence and the Soviet Regime, 1953-1970 by Abraham Rothberg. Ithaca and London, Cornell University Press, 450 pp. \$14.50.

**UNCENSORED RUSSIA:** The Human Rights Movement—The Annotated Text of the Unofficial Moscow Journal "A Chronicle of Current Events." Edited and with an introduction by Peter Reddaway. Foreword of an eyewitness by Julius Telesin. London, Jonathan Cape. 409 pp. 25.

Theodor H. Friedgut

ABRAHAM ROTHBERG has taken his title, as well as his basic line of thought, from one of Yevgenii Yevtushenko's poems:

"No Stalin has not given up. He thinks he can outsmart the devil. We carry him from the Mausoleum. But how carry Stalin's heirs away from Stalin?"

He has derived a disproportionate part of his material from other, already-published works on Soviet dissent.

Formerly Editor of "East Europe" and of "The New Leader" and correspondent for "The National Observer" and "Manchester Guardian," Rothberg set himself an important task. He attempted to trace the growth of dissidence in the Soviet Union from the first tentative literary discussions which appeared hard on the heels of Stalin's death to the current period, in which ideological purity is the regime's watchword, and attempts at independent reform are met by harsh repression.

Rothberg knows the Soviet literary scene intimately and is at his best in tracing the factional in-fighting among Soviet literateurs which accompanied the first post-Stalin thaw. A few Soviet writers, sensing the change in the political climate, began to speak out for the author's right to express personal ideas in the tone of his own choice.

Lyta Ehrenburg is quoted as saying: "An author is not a piece of machinery... An author writes a book because he must tell people something of himself... because he has seen people, things and emotions that he cannot help describing."

Had Rothberg taken up and examined this theme of a compulsion to speak the truth freely, to exorcise the corrupting falsification of the past by exposing it to open research and discussion, he would have come closer to capturing the essence of the Soviet dissenter's soul. Instead, he allows himself to be diverted to other, less fruitful themes—notably, an attempt to establish generational differences as a basis of dissent in the literary community—ignoring the fact that Lyta Ehrenburg, Kornel Chukovskii and Boris Pasternak, all of the older generation, were, in various ways, prominent among the inspirers of the demand for free expression.

In an attempt to escape the strait-jacket of chronology, Rothberg mixes separate analyses of artistic, political and scientific dissent, an artificial structuring which leads to repetitions and divisions which blur the mainstream of his book. Quite clearly, the struggle for independence of expression in any field of Soviet life becomes a political matter and one cannot fruitfully distinguish between Solzhenitsyn, Amalyuk and Chaidze on the basis of their differing professions.

TO THESE structural weaknesses and a number of annoying factual and typographical errors scattered through the text must be added a more serious fault. The author has virtually ignored religious and national dissenters who are certainly more numerous and very likely more politically significant than are the scientific and literary dissenters. Indeed, except for half a dozen examples of Soviet anti-Semitism which he notes, Rothberg relegates the whole question of Soviet Jews

to the very last footnote of his last chapter.

In a dozen lines he notes the gradual narrowing of occupational opportunities for Jews in post-World War II Russia, but states that the need for technically competent personnel to run the complex machinery of a modern society has brought about "an ironic reversal of Party and government policy with respect to allowing Jews to enter into important military, technical and intelligence jobs once again." In the light of the considerable evidence to the contrary and the hundreds of personal experiences in this field brought by our new immigrants from the USSR, Rothberg's statement is little short of a bombshell—(Jews now entering intelligence jobs???) Important military posts???) This bombshell goes undocumented and unaddressed.

ALL THESE faults notwithstanding, Rothberg has succeeded in bringing together the entire post-Stalin period and has linked the motivations and reactions of the authorities to the initiatives taken by various dissenters. Additionally, while he is rightly unflinching in his admiration of the courage and integrity which motivates Soviet dissenters, he has not allowed this admiration to delude him as to their immediate political effectiveness. He sees them as trapped between unrelenting pressure from the authorities and the indifference (he might even have added, hostility) of the populace.

The crux of the problem is a lack of mass demand for reform and Rothberg asks from whom this demand is to be expected?

"The Party? The peasants? The workers? The government bureaucrats? None of these seems even close to assuming the necessary posture. Even among the intellectuals, many are alienated and apathetic and would like most of all simply to be left alone."

IT IS THE failure to reach such hard-headed conclusions which is the flaw in Peter Reddaway's otherwise magnificent editing of the most important underground journal of the Soviet dissent movement, the "Chronicle of Current Events." In his introductory essay explaining the history and nature of the "Chronicle," Reddaway clutches at what must now be seen to be illusory straws of hope that the movement for human rights is spreading among students and workers, and to areas geographically far removed from the movement's centre in Moscow. Unfortunately, there is no real

evidence of this today, and Rothberg's delineation of the current situation appears closer to the truth. Nobody outside the Soviet Union and probably not even a good number of those who assist in production and distribution of the "Chronicle" knows all the details of its operation. Though respect for law is the heart of the "Chronicle" being, its organizers have not hesitated to adopt the conspiratorial methods dictated by their situation. Potentially contributors are frankly advised how they may submit material to the editors. "Simply tell it to the person from whom you have received the 'Chronicle' and he will tell it to the person from whom he received it and so on. But do not try to trace back the whole chain of communication yourself, or you will be taken for a police informer."

THE DIFFICULTY of producing a periodical under these circumstances is a stuporously staggering. Consider, if you will, the problem of obtaining the amount of outside paper needed to type tens or hundreds of copies of a 40-page edition of the journal without attracting the regime's attention—and this in the shortage-ridden shopping conditions of Moscow. A part of the solution was to have sympathetic students or official organs. Thus, the "Chronicle" served to break the regime-imposed isolation of the dissenter and helped him to find kindred spirits whom he might otherwise assume to be non-existent.

Even more difficult is the problem of publishing hard, unembellished fact in a society seething with rumour and calculated disinformation. Yet the "Chronicle" manages this successfully, and often within a startlingly short time. (Rothberg, speculating on the swift publication of some happenings, comes to the conclusion that the "Chronicle's" editors must be scientists who can use computer circuits linking various institutes as a means of passing information.) The "Chronicle" refuses publication of reports lacking explicit detail and attempts are reportedly made to find independent confirmation for stories reported. Should even the smallest detail prove erroneous, retractions or corrections are printed.

It is this determination to tell the truth and create a public respect for truth which is the noblest and most valuable quality of the "Chronicle." As Julius Telesin writes in his foreword to the volume, the vivid demonstration of truth by the "Chronicle" is a vital part of the "learning of inner freedom" so necessary for the conquest of the

paralytic fear fostered by the authorities.

IN EDITING the first eleven issues of the "Chronicle" (and I hope that a second volume will follow, covering the later issues), Peter Reddaway has built his material around the idea of a mainstream of dissent, with various particular tributaries and branches. To illustrate the basic unity of dissent, he groups together excerpts from different issues of the "Chronicle," linking them with succinct and unobtrusive clarification where necessary.

In the event, this turns out to be a felicitous strategy, for materials on particular events or trials often reached the "Chronicle" and were published by it in disjointed snippets. Thus the trial of writers Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel in 1965, widely regarded as having set off the wave of protest which brought the dissent movement into an open clash with the authorities, serves as a first chapter, though references to it from the "Chronicle" are from issues published as late as December, 1968.

Several chapters are devoted to the "Chronicle's" publication of notes on political and literary protests and discussions of the works and fate of dissident intellectuals. In dramatic form we see how the "Chronicle" provided its readers—a limited but articulate and intelligent sector of Soviet society—with news generally suppressed or distorted by official organs. Thus, the "Chronicle" served to break the regime-imposed isolation of the dissenter and helped him to find kindred spirits whom he might otherwise assume to be non-existent.

THE "CHRONICLE" was the outlet for essays and letters by Anatoly Markovits, Pyotr Grigorenko and Vladimir Bukovsky, giving details of the inhuman conditions of the labour camps and psychiatric prisons in which Soviet political dissenters are held. Grigorenko, a former general in the Soviet Army, now held in a mental institution because of his espousal of the rights of the Crimean Tatar minority and for his denunciation of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, explains that such institutions are used for confining dissenters against whom not even the feeblest legal case can be concocted. On the basis of his own nightmarish experience he writes: "The whole horror of the position of a healthy man who finds himself in conditions like these, lies in the fact that he himself begins to realize that in time he will become like those who surround him."

An entire section of the book is devoted to the "Chronicle's" reports on the opening gambit we move through the intricacies of a chess game between West and East, as fascinating as any chess between Bobby Fischer and Boris Spassky. Unfortunately, it soon becomes apparent that Western intelligence, by no means in Bobby's class—luckily, however, the Soviet players are hardly Spasskys. Author Robert Littell is a "Newsweek" specialist on the U.S.S.R. and Eastern Europe; he writes with complete authority and apparent omniscience. It doesn't matter whether Soviet drinking parties are really like those he describes, or whether the insights he gives us into how the intelligence systems (of both sides) function are accurate—we are completely convinced while we read.

A.J. Lewinter (at one time he had first names, but, when we meet him, using initials only has become a vital part of his personality) is a ceramics engineer, defects by the second page of this crisp, ironic, and amusingly off-character affair, pre-thriller to the Soviet Embassy in Japan in the middle of a ceramics conference which he is attending. His knowledge of ceramics does not include anything of value—but he happens to have caught a glimpse of the trajectory systems of all American intercontinental missiles, and to have memorized it.

It is a remarkable performance, with some dispiriting incidents, such as the meeting of the team of experts to prepare a personal profile of the defector, and the Soviet press conference. Littell bines these jests with a complex and devious plot, which ends with the indecent getting promotions—which is a far enough reflection of both the societies he describes. Ideally, we never know why A.J. did what he did, nor do we care. Altogether, a top-level thriller.

## Polluted whirlwind

## Crime Ration



**SLEEPING BEAUTY** by Ross Macdonald (Collins) 263 pp.

**THE WAY OF DUSTY DEATH** by Alistair Maclean (Collins) 222 pp.

**THE DEFECTION OF A. J. LEWINTER** by Robert Littell (Hodder & Stoughton).

Philip Gillon

NEW BOOKS by Ross Macdonald and Alistair Maclean will fill every discerning reader of thrillers with pleasure: expectation; both are masters of the medium, and can chill our blood as few others can. Ross Macdonald has aspirations far beyond the mere creation of a crime puzzle, the solution of it, and the disposal of credible characters in violent situations. He uses the detective story to explore moral and psychological depths, generally extremely murky.

His protagonist, Lew Archer, is more an observer than a hunter of crime. He notes, Rothberg relegates the whole question of Soviet Jews

them. He seldom prevents or punishes crime.

Macdonald's system is to open box within box within box of wrongdoings reaching far into the past: any of his characters who ever committed a murder or a rape or some other crime can forget about the law or prescription. He will reap his whirlwind as Lew Archer unobtrusively prods upon the past. In the current book a cloud of pollution from an oil slick hangs symbolically over the Californian coast; its ravages are everywhere, on dying gulls and dead men pulled out of the sea. This intricate series of puzzles, handled with masterly adroitness by Macdonald, makes for a casual, out-of-character affair, pre-thriller to the Soviet Embassy in Japan in the middle of a ceramics conference which he is attending.

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THEY ARE THE same cannot be said about Alistair Maclean's latest. The theme, motor-car racing, filled me with expectations of getting thrills, spills and insights without end, just as Maclean's other books taught us to know about the guns of Navarone and murder in the Arctic Circle. But the plot, characterization and even the writing give evidence of having been dashed off at the speed of a racing car, without careful examination of all the complicated machinery involved. Definitely below standard.

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## The Thin Blue Line

Story and pictures by Meir Ronnen

WHAT happened in Sinai and Egypt in the three weeks after October 6 was a tragedy for both Israel and Egypt. What goes on in Israel-occupied Egypt today often contains an element of high farce.

TAKE the farcical situation that is acted out daily at Kilometer 101. The famous conference tent sits in the centre of a roped-off square some 30 by 30 metres that is literally a U.N. enclave, though it is open most of the time to Israeli M.P.s and newsmen rather than Egyptians. Entering the arena last Friday, I was struck by the happy excitement of an Israeli captain leaving the famous tent. "The hook is going down" he exclaimed with a flourish. "I was puzzled. How were the Indians involved? It took me a moment to realize he must have been talking about turkey-breast sandwiches."

The really farcical element is provided by the UNEF troops on guard outside the tent, a line of 15-year-old Finnish conscripts (who have volunteered three months extra service in order to do their time at better pay in warmer climes) grimly holding their rifles at the high port while they keep the TV cameramen at bay. Towards the end of the meetings the newsmen are allowed into the tent three at a time. However, one can simply walk around the end of the thin blue line and stand on the other side of the Finns, who continue staring ahead while gripping their unloaded automatic weapons with whitened knuckles. At the end of the meeting, the three generals

emerge and Gen. Silasvuo (pronounced Silasvee) makes a little statement. Questioned by newsmen, Aluf Yariv smilingly allows that the Finnish general has summed it all up perfectly. Gen. Gamsay, who looks startlingly like Yigael Yadin, doesn't say anything; he looked strained and worried last weekend.

THE transfer of supplies across the Canal to the besieged Third Army has been described and photographed before but it is impossible to appreciate the really bizarre elements involved until one actually stands on the west bank of the Canal and watches the Egyptians crossing back and forth from the other side. Everything is orally reversed, like a world gone mad. Handsome young Israeli soldiers sit behind Egyptian sandbags, under an Israeli flag; opposite, the Egyptian flag flies above the Israeli-built ramparts on the east bank.

Israeli soldiers mingle with the very young and very thin Egyptians unloading the supplies from the U.N.-driven Egyptian trucks (the drivers are Finns and Swedes). Occasionally an Israeli tips open a cardboard box to check its contents and a pile of canned food forms at the tail-gate. The Egyptians trudge back and forth to the makeshift quay, expressionless. They do not answer you.

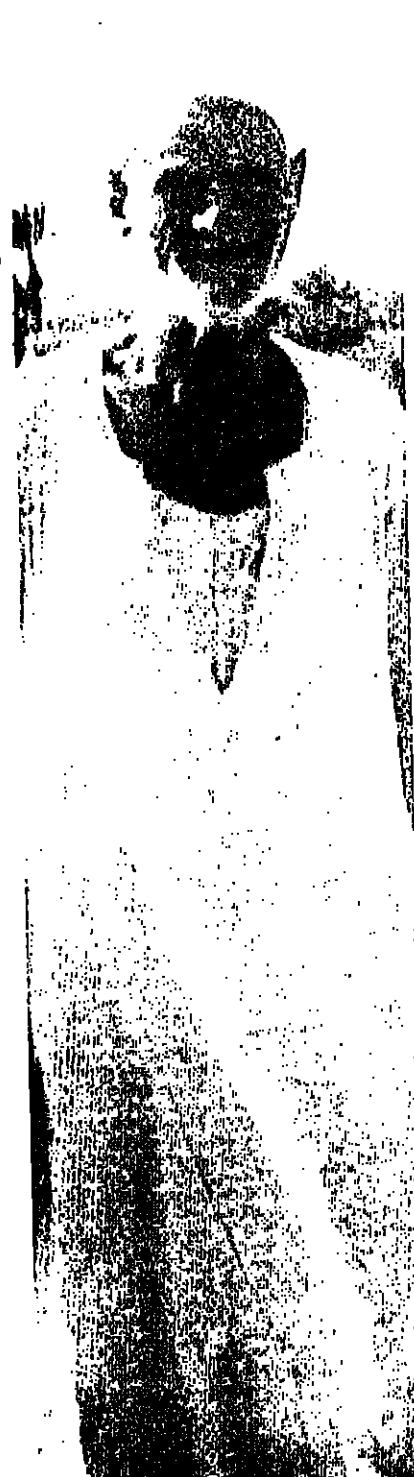
IN the lush agricultural strip just beyond the Israeli bridges we came across a tall, thin, barefooted and aging fellah in a white jellabiah, who asked for a cigarette. We asked him where



The three generals at Kilometer 101. General Gamsay (centre) looks worried.



A family scene near the Sweet Water Canal. (Below) Folk art: a mural of Nasser.



The other Gamsay.

he lived and he smilingly indicated a crumbling mud hut nearby. But he knew what was going on; when I asked him his name, replied, quick as a flash: "Gamsay," and cackled with laughter. He was still cackling when we drove off.

THE deserted villages along the Sweet Water Canal are a sad sight and mute evidence of the dire poverty in which the inhabitants lived, despite the lushness of their mango plantations, date palms and corn fields. When the Egyptian army flooded the area around Ismailiya, the water level of the main canals dropped by over a metre; and the hapless fellahin, unable to cope with the problem of raising the water to the level of their little irrigation furrows, took the event as an act of God, packed their meagre belongings and departed for Ismailiya. They left without the slightest trace of resentment towards either Israel or Egypt. Their gentle manner and patient fatalism has to be seen to be believed. I found one family that had remained sitting among their donkeys, cows, goats and ducks, shucking white, dried-out corn into a bowl. They seemed to have been there since 3,000 B.C.E., although this area has been settled for less than 75 years. Only a few families remain in farms on the edge of little ghost towns, which look like a set for "The Power and The Glory." In one deserted street I came across a folk mural of Nasser, enclosed by olive branches. A few pictures of the Holy Family and Christian saints still adorned the interiors of the homes of poor Copts.

# The Long Trail Home

Uri Ehrenfeld, one of the P.O.W.s captured by the Egyptians when the pocket of Israelis who held out on the Port Tewfik pier surrendered, is back in Israel. He describes his experiences to PHILIP GILLON.

THE SMALL GROUP of Nahal paratroopers who held the Port Tewfik pier for a week, until they were ordered by Zahal to abandon the hopeless fight and surrender, consisted at first of 42 men. Five of them were killed; most of the others were wounded. They still had adequate supplies of food and water, but ammunition was running very low, and says Private Uri Ehrenfeld, they could not have carried on for long even if they had not been told to surrender.

Uri, the son of Professor Nahum Ehrenfeld, head of the Clinical Endocrinology Department at the Hadassah University Hospital, will turn 20 in a few weeks' time. He is now in Hadassah undergoing tests for internal injuries sustained in innumerable beatings. At one time it seemed he might require an operation, but his father hopes that this can be avoided.

On the day of the surrender by the Israelis to the Red Cross, the behaviour of the Egyptians started off being as impeccable as any gentleman in Geneva could desire. Of course, at that stage the "Newsweek" representative and other reporters were present to witness the Israeli ignominy. After the Israelis had been taken across the Canal, the Egyptians had another idea, and the Israeli commander was instructed to pick two men to go back with him across the water to salute the Egyptian flag as it was raised on the last redoubt of the foremost section of the Bar-Lev Line. One of the two he took with him was Uri.

Most of the 42 were Orthodox, as is Uri himself. They came from different units, and had been concentrated at Port Tewfik because of the high holidays.

Immediately the flag-saluting ceremony was over, and the Red Cross and newsmen had departed, the Egyptians' copy of the Geneva Convention was thrown into the Canal. Uri was blindfolded and bound, his boots and socks were taken away, and everything portable was stolen from him, including even his skull-cap. Taken to a port somewhere in Egypt, still bound and blindfolded, he was kept isolated in a cell six feet by six in area. He was given very little food or water, and he had no blankets. He was beaten incessantly, apparently at whim, with no specific reason given to him why he was being savaged.



Uri, second from left, saluting the Egyptian flag at Port Tewfik. (Below) Back home. (A. Hazan)



ALL THE TIME he worried about what was happening to his country and his friends.

"I knew that the Northern front was all right, that Israel was close to Damascus, but I thought that Israel was being defeated on the Canal. I knew that we were the last to hold out on the Line. There was a fog over everything. I told myself that Zahal would somehow win in the end; I clung to my faith in God and in God. On the other hand, the Egyptians kept telling me during the interrogations that the whole of Sinai was in their hands, that Israel had suffered 17,000 dead."

Uri faintly many times from lack of food and water, and from the beatings. He could not tell how long he was kept tied and blindfolded. He does not remember anything clearly except for the last fortnight; the rest is a blur of pain and privation. Even now, he cannot work out how many days he spent under these horrendous conditions of captivity.

At one stage he talked over Radio Cairo.

"I don't remember what I said. They kept me without water for hours, told me they'd give me all the water I wanted if I talked over the radio. They gave me a prepared document to read — anti-Israeli, anti-Dayan. After words, they gave me a small glass of water."

One of the people who picked up the broadcast was a Druse in

Galilee, who at once phoned and also wrote to Uri's parents.

DURING the last two weeks, conditions improved considerably. He was given more food and water — the same kind of food as the Egyptians themselves got, mainly pitta and rice, but in smaller quantities than the Egyptians re-

ceived. Blankets and a cigarette-thin mattress were issued to him. His clothes were changed for the first time, and he was allowed his first shower. All the time he was in captivity, he was allowed only two showers. Although still kept in isolation, the blindfolds and bonds were removed, and he met his comrades sometimes in the toilets. Through a small peephole in his door, Uri was able to see something of what was going on outside his narrow cell. But the first time he saw a cigarette was when he was visited by the Red Cross — the only such visit — on the day before he was sent home. There was nothing to read. No letters or parcels were handed to him.

"I prayed a lot," recalls Uri. "It helped me a great deal — a very great deal — that I am religious and had something in which to believe. I don't think that I would have got through those 35 days without my belief. When I felt a little better, I did a few exercises."

The attitude of some of the warders changed considerably as time passed. The more compassionate among them gave Uri a little extra food, and talked to him. They swapped dirty jokes, discussed Judaism, the possibility of peace ever breaking out between Jew and Arab. The day before the PoWs left Egypt, two Saturdays ago, his clothes were changed for the second time.

URI HOLDS NONE of the views he voiced over Radio Cairo.

"I don't blame Dayan or anyone else for what happened to us — war is like that. One side always catches the other by surprise — this happens in every war. People get killed, wounded, taken prisoner. There isn't a new type of Egyptian soldier. They are still 20 years behind us; the only thing is that the Russians have given them better arms. If they had been better soldiers, we couldn't have held out as long as we did."

He hopes, like everyone in Israel, that peace will result from the present negotiations, although he doesn't see how the trick will be worked.

"It's hard to believe that the Arabs will ever make a real peace with us. Still, I'm a great optimist by nature, I keep hoping. As to the areas, I think we should be prepared to give up part of Sinai — even most of it — in order to get a settlement with the Egyptians. But Jerusalem? Hebron? Certainly not. And the Golan — also not."

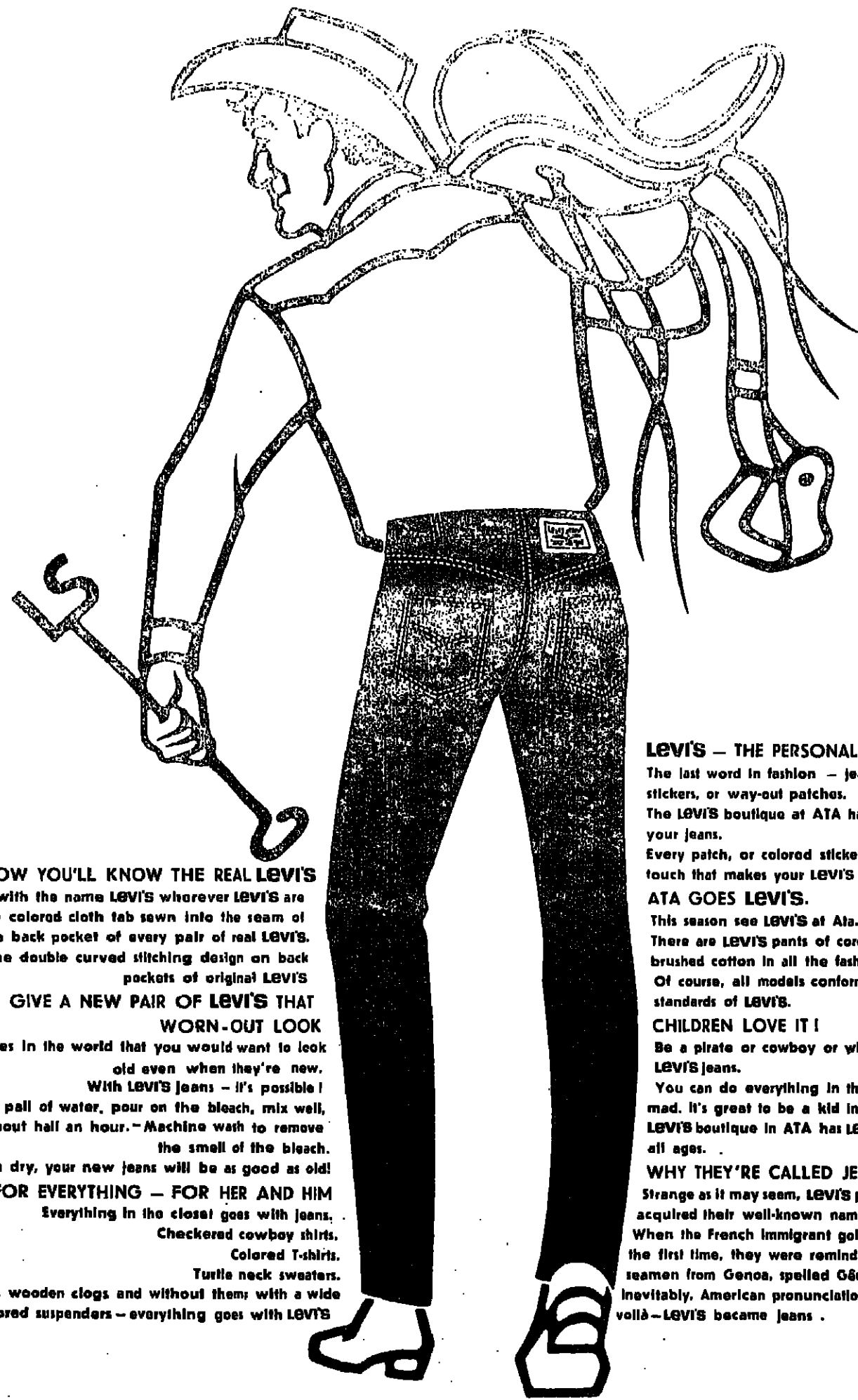
Somewhat surprisingly, he has never thought deeply about the problem of the Palestinian Arabs.

"They asked me about the Palestinians while I was in Egypt. I can't say that I know the answer. Certainly not to give them back East Jerusalem or Hebron. It's a very difficult problem."

Uri's garin is linked to kibbutz Kfar Etzion, but he had already decided not to join the kibbutz at the end of his army service. Before the war, he had planned to go to the Hebrew University to study geography and English.

"But now I don't think I'll go on with it — somehow it seems rather pointless. And I don't want to be a doctor, like my father. And yet I don't see myself going to a yeshiva or a kibbutz. Really, I don't know what I'll do. I've been in the army two-and-a-half years; we still don't know what Zahal will want from us. When I finish, I'll try to decide what to do with my life."





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Strange as it may seem, LEVI'S pants of indubitable American origin acquired their well-known name — jeans from a foreign language. When the French immigrant gold diggers came across LEVI'S for the first time, they were reminded of the uniforms worn by the seamen from Genoa, spelled Gênes in French. Inevitably, American pronunciation corrupted the name and... voilà — LEVI'S became jeans.

## Beating the meat prices



WITH BEEF prices up higher than ever, it is time to take another look at the vegetarian meat substitute known as soy or soya. I've been experimenting with it more and more in my household lately, with successful results. For economy plus nutrition, soya can't be beaten. It comes in various forms, dry and frozen, but at its cheapest it works out at IL2.50 a kilo. Compare this in price with the cheapest meat and fish — chicken at IL5.50 a kilo in the street markets and carp at IL3.50 a kilo. In protein value, soya is equivalent to lean meat, and it is even lower in calories.

Basically, there are two ways to use soya. First, as a replacement for meat or fish. This is what vegetarians do, and it is also a boon for kosher households, because they can mix milk products with the "meatless meat." The second method is to stretch meat or fish by adding soya to it, generally in a 50:50 ratio.

Shefa Protein Industries Ltd. of Arad makes the local soya product. Its co-managers are brothers, biochemist Sol Katzen and engineer Sid Katzen, who came here from Arizona and set up the factory about four years ago. Their official name for the product is Structured Vegetable Protein, S.V.P. for short. It is made from soybean flour, imported mainly from the United States. There is no shortage of the raw material at present. If there are difficulties finding the finished product in shops these days, it is only because of the transport problems which are plaguing many of our food industries.

THE SECRET of using S.V.P. in everyday cooking is to get the knack of handling it. Of the various forms, the most economical is the clear plastic bag of dry chips, which retails at IL3.75 a half-kilo. When reconstituted with water as directed, this swells to three times its weight — in other words, to one-and-a-half kilos of meat substitute.

To reconstitute the dry chips, pour boiling water over them and soak for about five minutes. Put them into a strainer, press out the water with a spoon, rinse in cold water and press again. The rinsing process removes virtually any taste of the soya itself and leaves it free to soak up the flavour of whatever it is cooked in. Rinsing also gets rid of "undesirable carbohydrates which are hard for some people to digest," explains Sol Katzen.

It is useful to know that a standard measuring cupful of S.V.P. dry chips weighs slightly over 60 grams. Hence it will take a bit more than half a cup to make the equivalent of 100 grams of meat. These measurements are helpful when you want to make a mixture of half beef, half soya, or when you want to substitute soya for meat in a recipe.

For some time now, I have been using ground soya to stretch ground beef — for hamburgers, meatballs and spaghetti sauce. In a 50-50 mixture, the soya is unnoticeable to most people. If you grind your own meat, or your fish for gefilte fish, it is no extra work to grind the soya right along with it — after it has been soaked in water, of course.

You can also buy ground soya in frozen form. It comes in a white plastic bag, marked "Shefa burger" in red Hebrew letters. A half-kilo sells for IL2.20 or IL2.25. The frozen product does not require soaking; just defrost it and it's ready for use.

There's another significant difference: the frozen S.V.P. already has some spices added to it — salt, onion, garlic, monosodium glutamate and black pepper. Shnitzel-shaped pieces of S.V.P. can also be purchased either frozen or dry. The frozen costs

IL1.25 for 250 grams. The dry costs IL2.65 for a box of 250 grams — which expands to 750 grams when soaked. There is also a boxed variety of the dry chips — IL2.45 for 250 grams. This makes the product nearly twice as costly as the same thing in the clear nylon bag, and I see no advantage to it whatever, unless you simply like boxes. The shnitzel, unfortunately, does not come in an economy bag.

ONCE YOU get accustomed to handling S.V.P., there are dozens of possibilities for its use. The other day I decided to give soya without any beef at all, and I used it for spaghetti sauce. My husband declared the sauce "the best ever." My five-year-old daughter was unconvinced by my assurance that it was meatless. "You're lying, Mommy," she insisted, and said she could not possibly drink her milk with the spaghetti because "it has meat in it."

Our chopped liver last Shabbat had only 50 per cent liver — and 50 per cent soya. I fried the reconstituted soya chips together with the onions and liver, and then ground them together with hard-boiled egg and a bit of raw onion. By the way, during the current egg shortage, soya can help to make up for the resultant lack of protein in the diet. It has about the same protein value as eggs — and without the cholesterol which many people prefer to avoid anyway. Sol Katzen even experimented with substituting soya for eggs in cake. He turned dry S.V.P. chips into powder in an electric blender, and then used an egg and one-quarter cup of half a cup of it "in place of one egg and one-quarter cup of cake flour." You cannot eliminate

all the eggs from the recipe, but you might substitute for half the number of eggs, Mr. Katzen suggests. Tuna fish salad can be stretched considerably with soya. Normally, I find a 120-gram tin of tuna makes just enough salad for two adults. Mixed with an equal portion of soaked soy chips and just one hard-boiled egg, it easily served four people. I followed Gaya Katzen's suggestion and did not drain the oil from the tin, since the soya has no fat of its own and can do with the extra oil. I did not grind the wet chips, but just mashed them with the tuna.

Carp and fish fillet are cheap to begin with, but mixing with soya will reduce the cost even further. Gaya Katzen makes her gefilte fish with a mixture of ground carp and soya, using the latter in place of matza meal. She also grinds soya with frozen fish fillet to make patties. As other of her economy suggestions is to use soya chips in mushroom sauce as a substitute for expensive fresh mushrooms. The reconstituted chips have much the same chewy consistency as mushrooms. Soya combines well with eggplant — another foodstuff commonly used in Israel for "fake meat" dishes. Moussaka and stuffed vegetables take to soya well.

WHILE MIXING SOYA with ground meat or fish is virtually painless, it takes more daring to cook large shnitzel-like pieces of soya. During the High Holidays, we had a vegetarian visitor so I gave it a try. As fried shnitzel, soya has a slightly "chewy" consistency than chicken or turkey breast — harsher critics call it "sponge-like" or "rubbery." It's a matter of personal taste. The manufacturers suggest that gourmet may prefer to slice each soya shnitzel into two thinner pieces before breading and frying it.

For our guest, we also tried Hungarian chicken paprikash with about it and carries on regardless. In fact, soya — either the small chips or the shnitzel chunks — which has a lot of sauce to give it flavour, such as goulash or curry or chili, to name a few. Just remember that the soya has no fat and little flavour of its own, so be more generous than usual with the spices and fat. Soya does not need to cook as long as meat — but lengthy cooking will not spoil it either. For a light supper the other evening, I tried one of Mrs. Katzen's favourite soya recipes: Take pieces of soaked soya shnitzel and dip them in oil. Then place in a casserole dish, together with thin slices of onion (raw or fried), tomatoes and green peppers in layers. Season with salt, pepper, garlic and other spices as desired. Bake in a hot oven for about half an hour. Before serving, sprinkle with grated Cheddar or other yellow cheese, and return to the oven for a few minutes to melt the cheese. Serve with rice, spaghetti or other starch.

MOST SUPERMARKETS and some private grocers sell the Shefa soya products. They are also available in wholesale packs at the Arad factory and at the company's sales offices in Givatayim, at 15 Katzmelson St., tel. 251555. You can get a 12-kilo carton of the dry chips for IL4.50 a kilo at the Arad plant, IL4.70 a kilo in Givatayim. Apart from kibbutzim and institutions, a group of friends or neighbours might want to get together and take advantage of this wholesale purchase price.

Shefa Protein Industries also makes a line of breakfast cereals based on soya. Called Korn Krunch, Bran Krunch and Wheat Krunch, they come in boxed and economy-bag form. They can be eaten as a snack food as well as for breakfast cereal.

## IT OCCURS TO ME

Hadassah Bat Haim

### Toddler

I MIGHT CLAIM that being hit on the nose by a helicopter is a direct consequence of the war, though, conceding the aggressive attitude of my grand-daughter, it could have happened any time that the parties were in juxtaposition — she, the helicopter and my nose. Having her home on an extended visit has been the only positive aspect of the present emergency. It is true that despite her lack of years and stature, she wreaks more havoc in our restricted space than a regiment of soldiers; but attendance on her needs keeps her mother, her aunt and me so busy, night and day, that we have neither time nor energy to worry about The Situation.

She is on the whole an amiable child, sunny-tempered and friendly as long as her lightest whims are instantly obeyed. Failure to do her bidding brings an unmistakable threat of reprisal. It may be that her bark is worse than her bite (particularly as she has very few teeth); but her bark is so terrible that in her twelve months of existence, she has never had to reinforce it.

Disregarding the fact that she has only just learned how to walk, she makes long journeys on foot, staggering drunkenly from the house to the terrace with ashtrays, toys and whatever books readers may have laid down for a moment. The work is very strenuous, as the heavy burden often causes her to fall down and drop her cargo, which then has to be laboriously picked up again.

Still, she is very conscientious about it and carries on regardless of her own convenience, grunting and panting with the effort. She distributes her loot accordingly to a system of her own. We have not yet been able to discover her secret hiding places and to date we are short of eight teaspoons, three bedroom slippers — one each of three pairs — two sci-fi books, one thriller, one sneaker and a small but powerful totem pole. Some objects such as the wooden spoon and several chessmen, have been recovered from her sandpile and a flower-pot; but the rest will have to await an intensive search.

APART FROM walking, Petra can also dance, though she very properly refuses to trust her precarious balance and practises her art bobbing up and down on one spot. She is somewhat impeded by the weighty swathings of diapers, underpants and over-pants that augment her natural proportions to considerable dimensions. Sometimes the bulk of her nether regions takes charge and swivels her round at a pace quite beyond her control, and she is hurried to the ground by her own momentum. This does not discourage her. Rather, she regards it as a challenge and loses no time in getting up and starting again.

We have no difficulty feeding her. She exacts a tithe from everyone's plate and fills up with sand, cigarette ends and a half a column or so — depending on how hungry she is — of The Jerusalem Post (she doesn't like old newspapers). Her own food she donates to the dog and then grabs his dinner from his mouth, with resultant howling and growlings, hair pulling, snapping and noisy chagrin from both parties.

Her father's return from military duties will, we hope, herald real peace on both fronts. It should make things a lot quieter at home.

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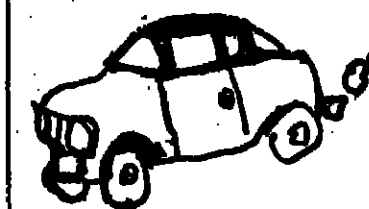
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# AbraKadabra

Felix de Mendelssohn



Reuven Hannah, one of the AbraKadabra Company. (Rahamim Israeli)

**T**HE MOON RISES and gives birth to an egg. The egg falls gently to earth. Villagers gather, concerned and suspicious: who is this intruder? In the night, the egg hatches to reveal the mystery. The newcomer is a bird — not any old bird, but a very young, absurd bird, but obviously doesn't "belong." How the villagers react to this phenomenon, and how the bird reacts to their reaction, is quick, crazy and not without a pointed relevance to things nearer home. It is also one aspect of AbraKadabra's way of having fun. Others' Hats and hands that recombine to form all manner of beings; a monster who causes havoc and turns out not to be a monster at all; an elephant and a hippopotamus in a tug-of-war; Sci-Fi telescopic creatures emitting weird noises...

AbraKadabra, "a troupe of clowns doing puppet theatre," after summer performances at kibbutzim and schools throughout the country and at the Jerusalem Tsavta, are now starting shows at the Jerusalem Theatre "which hopefully will become a permanent weekly fixture for the winter season." If you go with your children to see what it's all about, you may find yourself for the space of an hour whisked back to some of the magically coloured moments of your own childhood, and remember what it was like to surrender to the surreal powers of the imagination, where "anything could happen."

AbraKadabra is the group creation of husband and wife Reuven and Barbara Hannah, together with friends Ronit Her-

son and 14-year-old Gadi Roll, (who had worked at the *Bama-Esray* Youth Theatre). Like the moon-born bird, it is very young — only a few months old — colourful, crazy and growing strong. To find out how it began and where it is headed, we went to visit them in Reuven and Barbara's house near Mahane Yehuda, a palace of fabrics and styrofoam, whole families of handpuppets spilling out of boxes. Their 18-month-old son Adad wanders through it all clutching his patchwork blanket from which, like Linus in the *Peanuts* strip, he never parts company. He's just starting to talk: one of his first words was "AbraKadabra."

Talking with Reuven and Barbara is a multi-level experience. Never content with purely verbal self-expression, they are constantly busy shaping, cutting, sewing as they talk. They were formerly set and costume-prop builders and designers, and their visual gifts and skill with their hands were, of course, essential for puppet work. Yet they both began in a seemingly unrelated field.

**R**EUVEN, WHO came to Israel when he was three, studied social sciences and psychology here, while Barbara was a social worker in New York. She went on to stage-managing and prop-building for the New York Shakespeare Festival, and came to Israel and worked as Assistant Director at the Khan Theatre. It was then that she met Reuven, who, after making sets for Joyce Miller's "Twelfth Night" production there,

had been working on a puppet-show with teenagers for a YHFA performance. "It lasted nine months, in which time I was teaching them and myself simultaneously."

After a period of designing and building props for television, they went to New York for a spell; in addition to making masks and props for various theatre companies, they worked on a puppet show with teenagers in a drug rehabilitation programme. "Then we went to London and worked eight months at John Wright's Little Angel Marionette Theatre. We never studied puppetry — we just did it. We learned from each other."

Already they were thinking of forming their own group, "but we didn't have the confidence. Wright works in a big theatre with very sophisticated marionettes. We wanted something different, but we weren't sure what. Then we visited Joan and Teresa Baixas with their Catalan group, Putxinel·lis Claca in Barcelona: theirs was a small, intimate, travelling thing, much more alive. They convinced us it could be done."

**B**ACK IN Israel they continued work for the Khan and Habimah for a while, and taught a puppetry workshop in the Hebrew University's drama department, which they still do.

"Teaching, transmitting this work, is so rewarding for all concerned, it's really group creation. Like when we built a huge three-metre marionette with students and took it out on the streets at Purim. Then Joan and Teresa and their two kids and Monserrat Tinto came to Israel. Five of us and three children and all the puppets in this tiny house — it was fantastic. The day they left we made the break: we launched out on our own and now we're full-time clowns and puppeteers."

How does it feel? "Very exciting," Reuven says. "Doing puppet theatre means eventually being able to do everything, like a miniature Bauhaus, designing, building huge toys, putting people in costumes and making ourselves and them into puppets."

And the clowns, the grease-

paint. "Well, puppet theatre alone could become naive to the point of irrelevancy or boredom," says Ronit. "But clowning doesn't only make it come alive, it allows us to do whatever we want, go where our imagination takes us."

Ronit is quick to refute the idea that clowns are basically sad people, and rejects Fellini's image of them as a dying breed of tragic heroes: "We're special clowns, not sad and slapstick, but happy and colourful."

To which Barbara adds thought-

man thing: abstract puppets mean developing a whole new series of functions and emotions and I'm not sure that I want to go all the way there. But Reuven and I don't have an identical approach which is what makes working together so exciting."

**I**N HIS CLASSIC essay "On the Marionette Theatre," the German author Kleist discussed the philosophic poignancy of a situation whereby humans create marionettes to be capable of a far greater variety of infinitely more precise movements than the human body itself can perform. AbraKadabra illustrates this perfectly in a sketch of a dancing competition between Ronit and a marionette: despite her virtuoso gyrations, in the end Ronit must admit defeat. What more can they say about the difference between dance or straight theatre and puppeteering?

"Puppets are of their essence magical objects," says Ronit. "They can't be tempted, like human actors, to create an illusion of 'real life.'"

"We're manipulators," Reuven says. "It's all in the hand. An actor must put his expression into lifting a leg, say, or turning his head; for us all that consciousness and control must be concentrated in the hand."

"There's a personality difference too," Barbara adds. "Actors are often very lonely, difficult people, while puppeteers are usually just the opposite, and language or cultural barriers make no difference. I'm sure if we met Japanese or Balinese puppeteers, we'd get along fine together immediately. It's the same creative spirit: what could be more absorbing or exciting than making your own toys and then playing with them?"

**W**HERE DO the stories come from?

"Well, in the present show, one is an African folk tale, one is an original which Barbara wrote, one is improvised on a classic concept aren't so much stories as ideas that turned out to have unsuspected content. All sorts of things can turn into, or turn out to be, puppets, and puppets can always do more than you think."

"For instance," Barbara says, "the other day I went to the Customs to pick up a package. In front of me on the counter there were two ladies' handbags and a grey hat. They started me thinking. That is enough for us to create something."

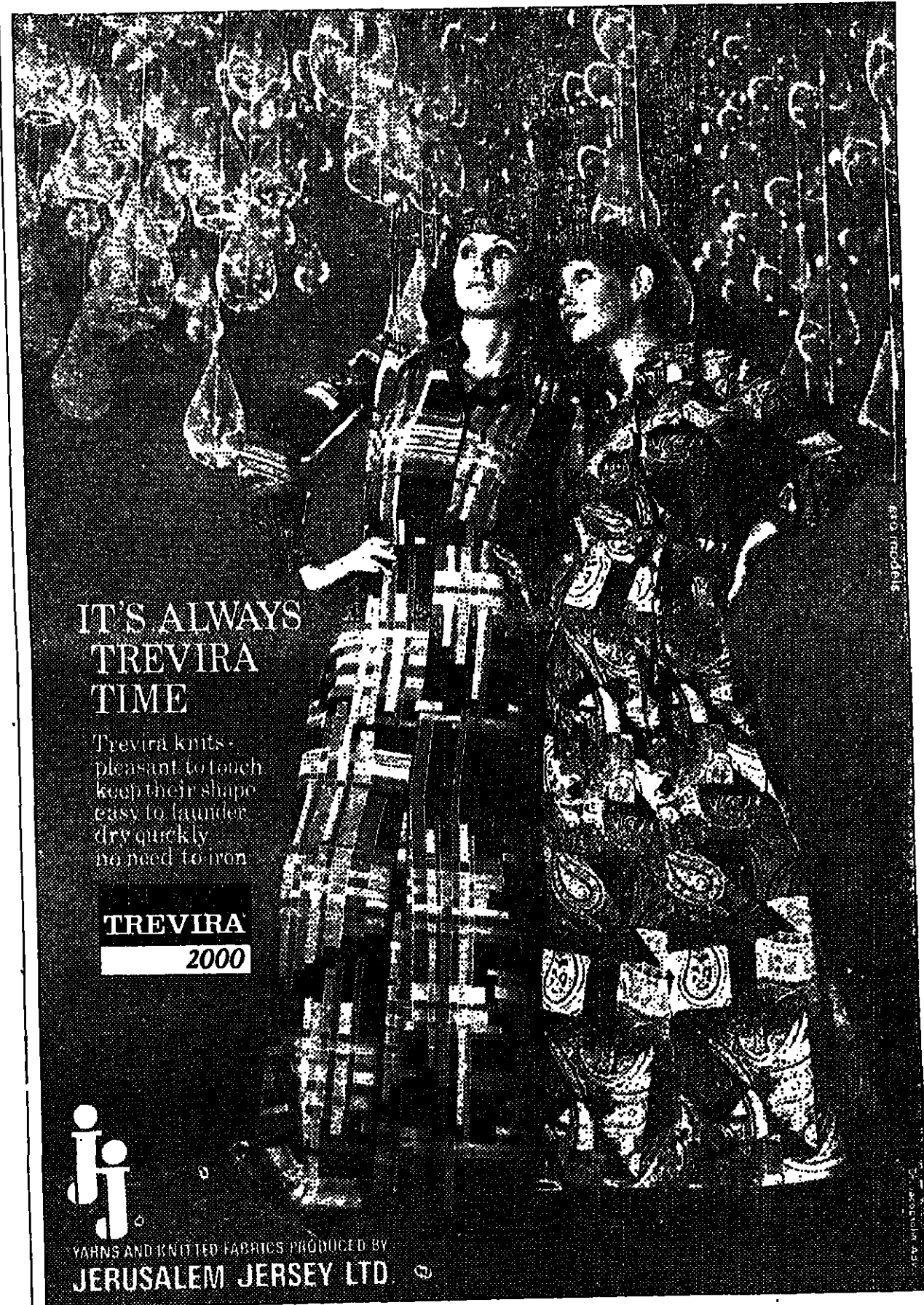
"Above all we want to keep it simple: no recorded sound, no big technical apparatus. We want to be a spontaneous show, a live show, with audience participation. What we do now ends with a musical free-for-all with spectators, clowns and puppets together and the children love it."

We asked a last question: "What is your dream?" "To reach real simplicity and immediacy," Ronit answered, "like folklore. I just want to get better, freer, clearer, and create something that will radiate good feelings."

"Reuven, what is your dream?" "Four white horses and a painted wooden wagon and a long patchwork dress for Barbara."

Barbara: "And a flock of friends together, and to reach every little village in Israel and the rest of the world. Hey Reuven — why four white horses? Why not two white ones and two black ones?"

Barbara is not so sure. "Comedy is an essentially hu-



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# ART WITHOUT WOMEN'S LIB

Gil Goldfine

THE feminist revolution has challenged our male oriented society on economic, psychological and social fronts and, as could be expected, there is also an alliance of female artists, demanding professional recognition, proportional exhibition space and equal commercial opportunity.

This feminist group, which functions within the wider scope of the Women's Lib Movement also encompasses painters and sculptors with little reputation and/or little talent. (But then there are countless males of whom one must say the same.)

"Womanspace," a non-profit membership feminist governed gallery in Southern California, opened recently. Its credo: Fight discrimination with creative rather than destructive means and challenge the dealer-critic system that prevails in the art world.

With all due respect to Women's Lib, the fact is that women who have done something to say and have developed expressive interpretive means of saying it, have already made solid contributions to the fine arts. In her essay "Why Haven't There Been No Great Women Artists?" (Art News, Jan. '71), Professor Linda Nochlin says "there are no women equivalents for Michelangelo, or Rembrandt, Delacroix or Cezanne, Picasso or Matisse." Rosalyn Drexler retorted, "There are no male equivalents for them either." Miss Drexler, along with other con-

temporary women artists like Elaine de Kooning, Louise Nevelson, Lee Bontecou and Helen Frankenthaler, to mention just a few, doesn't object to being called a woman artist as long as the word "woman" isn't used to define the kind of art she creates. In similar vein, there is no historical parallel between the female psyche and the work produced by artists like Rosa Bonheur, Berthe Morisot, Mary Cassatt, Kaethe Kollwitz, Georgia O'Keefe, Sophie Tauber Arp, Sonia Delaunay, etc.

Today, the artist, together with his product, has left the sanctity of his atelier and entered into an alliance with industry, technology and even Wall Street. For the woman who paints "pretty pictures" this scene could be an awesome confrontation.

## Not neglected

Women artists in Israel are neither neglected nor discriminated against. In fact at times it appears that more women than men are actively painting and showing. The sole criteria seems to be: what does the individual have to say and does he or she have the means to say it? Within the past year shows by artists such as Lea Nikel, Alina, Aviva Uri and Louise Schatz have been as successful and varied as those of their male counterparts.

Within this framework fits Jerusalem's Naomi Sultanik. Her current show at Tel Aviv's Yodfat Gallery is an expressive array of forceful abstractions and like her successful female colleagues she has the

ability to be aggressive, defiant and individualist.

Her paintings possess that strange quality of looking like a battlefield, her canvases a field she has successfully assaulted and violated. This frontal attack on the picture plane, made with passionate feelings and a good mixture of aesthetic elements, leaves her artistic personality stamped deeply into her work. In addition, there is nothing specifically stated pictorially or imagined that could be isolated as feminine, female, woman-oriented etc. No labels needed, just good painting.

The animated surfaces rely little on colorful appearance but rather on eruptive passages of graphic images in which pulsating lines or linear textures are scratched into and drawn on the painted surfaces. Built up by overpainting or collage, textures are of the subtle kind and support the nervous fragmented lines that can be brutal or sensuous, personal or aboriginal.

## Arbitrary colour

When colour is introduced on a broad scale it seems arbitrary and functionless, so that an orange line could have been red, blue or green. The major function is rhythmic, not structural or narrative. The larger shapes and broad infrastructure of the pictures are of the neutral kind and are, like colour, activated by the insistent, choreographic line. In some instances, however, Sultanik's spontaneity appears to be a bit too well planned. The artist seems to have reached

Mixed-media painting by Naomi Sultanik (Yodfat Gallery, Tel Aviv).

a peak in numbers 29, 30 and 31, a series of mixed-media works on paper, an abstract content of a truncated, exotic reality which flickers through a candid, unpretentious application of collage, pigment and line. Soft tones of pinks, beige and off-whites set a passive table for volatile markings and strong, direct painting. If these paintings

could talk they would say, "Crunch, crunch, boom, swoosh." Sultanik was born in New York City and studied at the Albright Art School, the Art Students League and the Cooper Union Art School. She received the Jerusalem Prize for painting in 1971. The show will close on Dec. 18 (Yodfat Gallery, 180 Dizengoff St.).

vas studios. (New Gallery, 39 Beza St.), Tel. 234153.

**GALLERY REGULARS** — Limited showing of local painters including Flana and Bergant. (Binet Gallery, 31 Frug St.).

**RUSSIAN IMMIGRANTS** — together with some local Surrealists form the bulk of the show. (Stern's Gallery, 91 Ben Yehuda St.). Tel. 235697.

**STERN GALLERY** — Autumn showing of Jewish painters of the Ecole de Paris (Stern's Gallery, 23 Gordon St.).

**COLLECTION** — from the gallery also, Zaslavsky and Zaslavsky. (Levitz House Gallery, 30 Dov Hov St.).

**GALLERY COLLECTION** — Paintings, drawings and sculptures in a variety of styles. (Old Jaffa Gallery, 14 St. Maria Arie, Old Jaffa). Tel. 338975.

**GROUP SHOW** — of gallery artists. (Tel Aviv, 31 Israel St.). Tel. 234170.

**MODERN ART GALLERY** — shows a good range of Israeli and Ecole de Paris painters and painting by British artist Bernard Storr. (Modern Art Gallery, 4 Maza Building, Old Jaffa).

**FANIA WEISS** — Paintings (Yad Labanah, Potah Tikva).

**NAOMI SULTANIK** — Oil paintings and works on paper by talented Jerusalemite. (Yodfat Gallery, 180 Dizengoff St.). Tel. 338975.

**POP MASTERS** — The American school of the movement represented by etchings, serigraphs and lithographs (Dolson Biecher, Old Jaffa).

**GALLERIA 1** — New gallery in North Tel Aviv features Israeli and international artists. (Galleria 1, 14 Kikar Hamedina).

**RIESENFELD GALLERY** — Permanent exhibition of paintings and sculptures by Israeli and European artists including Ashkenazi, Agam, Aronson, Byrnes, Steinhardt, Hershman and others. (Old Jaffa and the Old Plaza, Tel Aviv). Tel. 332375.

**ROSE GALLERY** — Summer show of Israeli Artists, Ancient Pottery

**PETER KLITCH** — of the Vienna school of Fantastic Realism shows recent etchings. Also at the gallery are paintings and sculptures by Lin regulars. (Lin Gallery, 170 Ben Yehuda St.).

**ORAGIT SNAHAL** — She uses loose washes and sensitive lines to portray sensuous females. The paintings are more like wash drawings, sketchy rather than in depth ex-

**HOLON ARTISTS** — of the Vienna school of Fantastic Realism shows recent etchings. Also at the gallery are paintings and sculptures by Lin regulars. (Lin Gallery, 170 Ben Yehuda St.).

**TEL AVIV MUSEUM** — NEW BUILDING (27 King George V Blvd.) Permanent exhibition of Impressionist, Post Impressionist and Israeli painting and sculpture, the largest and most comprehensive collection of the century. (YACOV AGAM — Kinetic art of the highest order by world famous Israeli (Tel Aviv Museum, 27 King George V Blvd., Tel. 332375).

**20th ANNIVERSARY** — from the U.S. Cultural Center, chronicle movements and styles from the late 60s to the present. Tel. 332375. Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

**ISRAELI GRAPHICS TODAY** — Large survey exhibit comprising 71 artists within the framework of the 20th Anniversary year. (Tel Aviv Museum, 27 King George V Blvd., Tel. 332375. Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.)

**MICHEL OPTAKOVSKY** — shows what might be called ritual exercises of a singular technique. Using industrial making tape he divides black and geometrically arranged a variety of rectangular surfaces; a canvas painted, the walls, acoustic tile, a shadow box, etc. The negative space

Bernard Reider: detail of "Amazons" (Dvora Schoonen Gallery, T.A.).

THEATRE/Mendel Kohansky

## Crazy schemes

IT WAS the first time I had found myself on Dizengoff Street at night in a good number of weeks, and the street looked very strange, with so few people on the sidewalks where one usually has to push one's way through the crowds. The cafes gaped empty, with the odd elderly man reading a newspaper, a group of soldiers at a front table watching the few passing girls. The street also looked darker, with some of the mousy gaudy advertising signs

The entrance to Dizengoff Passage and the stairs leading to the mezzanine were as filthy as ever, if not filthier — someone had emptied the contents of an office wastepaper basket in a corner — and on the mezzanine a long line of people stretched from the box office of the Cameri Theatre half way around, a most unusual sight at any time. Tel Avivians don't usually buy tickets to a show at the last minute; they get them at reduced prices — through some organization to which they belong, or buy them at an agency several days ahead. I asked an acquaintance in the queue why he'd come at the last moment, and he told me he hadn't wanted to make advance plans; he's always waiting for his soldier son to drop in without notice from wherever he's stationed.

The show was Last Treatments performed by the Haifa Municipal Theatre in Tel Aviv for the first time. I had missed opening

night in the middle of September, when I was in London. "Last Treatments" is the second play by the noted novelist, Avraham B. Yehoshua and, like his first, "A Night in May," is rooted in the author's interest in mental illness. In the first play, he populated the stage with an assortment of walking neuroses; in this he deals not so much with mental illness as with the practice of psychiatry, the main theme being — if I understood him correctly — the relations between patient and doctor, that curious phenomenon called transference in which the former becomes emotionally involved with the latter.

In the case of Schatz, one of the characters in the play, the attachment has persisted for many years after the end of treatment. Now middle-aged and a successful businessman, Schatz still nurtures the attachment not only to Dr. Herman but also to her husband, with whom he used to have long conversations when he came for treatment. He even confesses to a crazy scheme he has for buying the land near the doctor's house and building a big house with a little flat in it for himself, so that he can overlook the doctor and her husband and always know what they are doing.

The leading character in the play is the doctor's husband, a young old man played by Yosef Yadin with a shuffling gait, his slack body dressed in drooping pants, and the slurred speech of someone who no longer cares



Yosef Yadin and Batya Lancet in "Last Treatments."

whether people listen to him or not. He is a failed bookseller, whom we find, when the curtain rises, contemptuously throwing the volumes off his shelves, litigating his private library because he has lost all interest in books; in fact, he believes that everybody else has too. He is also forcing his wife to retire from a practice that he has always hated because of its intrusion on their married life and privacy. Early in the play, when a young boy desperately pleads with him — in his wife's absence — to help a girl who has had a mental collapse, the old man gets his revenge by indirectly pushing her over the brink.

The first few performances have already shown the positive aspect of this venture and, commendably, the powers-that-be have come forward with support to ensure at least a "running-in" period as, obviously, a lot of preparation is needed before the group acquires a status that will make it economically viable.

Support for other projects of a similar kind has apparently been slow in coming. There has been some talk about reviving the Beersheva Symphony Orchestra with the help of the Russian newcomers; a Light Orchestra network, as supposed to be formed in Netanya. So far, however, nothing seems to have come of either of these ideas.

But there are hopeful signs. The plan for a National Chorus may help to absorb some singers from Russia. And who knows — the pressure of coping with ever-increasing numbers of musicians and original activities, satisfying the ambitions of the artists and benefiting our musical life.

**BORIS SCHWARTZ: Music and Musical Life in Soviet Russia, 1917-1970** (Barrie and Jenkins, London, 1972 — \$6.00 Norton Library, New York, 1973 — \$5.95). Prof. Boris Schwartz, musicologist and teacher of violin at Queens College, New York, has visited the Soviet Union several times. He has spent many months there listening, talking, researching, helped considerably by his knowledge of the Russian language, personal contacts and the unbiased attitude towards the problems of Soviet music and musicians. The resulting book can best be described as a most valuable source for anything musical happening in Russia during the last half century.

The author explains the developments which led to the infamous decrees of the Central Committee in 1948, the political and ideological background, the personalities directing the composers' union and dictating the subjects

"Last Treatments" is strong stuff; in fact it is too strong for the stage in being too clinical for comfort. The author has obviously been unable to put a distance between himself and the subject — a pre-condition for writing a good play. Thus, a scene between Dr. Herman, played by Batya Lancet in a rather didactic manner, and her old patient, sounds uncomfortably like a transcript of a psychiatric session filmed from a doctor's office.

TO TURN to happier subjects, there is Tales of Poogy, one of the current phenomena of Israeli show business. It is the only show of its kind to have provided the Mann Auditorium about three months ago, with an overflow audience, boys and girls jamming the aisles.

"Tales of Poogy" is the brainchild of Danny Sanderson, who wrote about 90 per cent of the texts and music, and is also one of the seven instrument-playing men in the cast. Danny is now in his early twenties, a slightly-built fellow with shaggy red hair and a complexion to match, and to use a show business cliché, does not appear to have been spoiled by success, though he is eager enough to talk about it.

It all started about five years ago, when he and four other members of the team constituted a Nahal entertainment troupe. They suffered long hours of boredom while travelling from one camp to another, and one of the Meir Fenigstein, would get silly at around the two hundred and third kilometre, and start spouting all sorts of outrageous nonsense just to break the monotony. Danny thought the non-sense rather amusing in its idiocy, and began writing it

down as material for songs and sketches. Then he managed to persuade the Gali Zahal troupe to stage in being too clinical for comfort. The author has obviously been unable to put a distance between himself and the subject — a pre-condition for writing a good play. Thus, a scene between Dr. Herman, played by Batya Lancet in a rather didactic manner, and her old patient, sounds uncomfortably like a transcript of a psychiatric session filmed from a doctor's office.

Enter Avraham Deshe, better known as Pashanel the Great, a veteran impresario. As in the old Hollywood movies about show business ("Some day all Broadway will be at your feet"), he was enthusiastic about their performance, spurred them on to polish the show, then went to work. The first weeks did not look too promising; but then it caught fire, and they found themselves playing to full houses all over the country, seven times a week. The songs became radio hits, and a record produced about a month ago has already sold ten thousand copies, a hitherto unheard of number.

Came the war, the boys were mobilized, and have since been giving abbreviated versions of "Tales of Poogy" four to seven times a day. They travel a great deal, with long stretches of boredom between shows, and somewhere, around the two hundred and third kilometre, Poogy gets silly and starts spouting his absurd tales.

material available for perusal. Prof. Schwartz provides the reader with means of making his own conclusions. Many things become clearer, among them, the reason why the Russian Jewish musicians now coming to Israel are what they are: technically well-equipped but musically stereotyped, without having had the chance to develop their artistic personalities and individual temperaments and talents.

## RADIO FOR MUSIC LOVERS

**TODAY:** 08:05: Schubert: Violin Sonata, Op. 10, No. 3; Chopin: "Prelude" (Op. 28, No. 15); Vaughan-Williams: "Fles Campi" (No. 1); Walton: Violin Concerto (No. 1); Prokofiev: "Piano Concerto No. 3" (Op. 26); Debussy: "Danse sacree" (Op. 10, No. 1); Stravinsky: "The Firebird" (Op. 101); Liszt: "Les Sylphides" (Op. 10); Brahms: "Symphony No. 1" (Op. 3); Beethoven: "Symphony No. 5" (Op. 67); Tchaikovsky: "Symphony No. 1" (Op. 13); Prokofiev: "Symphony No. 1" (Op. 25); Shostakovich: "Symphony No. 1" (Op. 10).

**MONDAY:** 08:05: Chausson: "Poeme" (Op. 10); Debussy: "Danse sacree" (Op. 10, No. 1); Stravinsky: "The Firebird" (Op. 101); Liszt: "Les Sylphides" (Op. 10); Brahms: "Symphony No. 1" (Op. 3); Beethoven: "Symphony No. 5" (Op. 67); Tchaikovsky: "Symphony No. 1" (Op. 13); Prokofiev: "Symphony No. 1" (Op. 25); Shostakovich: "Symphony No. 1" (Op. 10).

**TUESDAY:** 08:05: Mozart: Horn Concerto No. 3 (K. 495); Beethoven: "Symphony No. 5" (Op. 67); Tchaikovsky: "Symphony No. 1" (Op. 13); Prokofiev: "Symphony No. 1" (Op. 25); Shostakovich: "Symphony No. 1" (Op. 10).

**WEDNESDAY:** 08:05: "Composed" works by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Debussy, Liszt, Prokofiev, Shostakovich, Stravinsky, Tchaikovsky, and others. 10:05: "The Firebird" (Op. 101) by Stravinsky. 12:30: "Les Sylphides" (Op. 10) by Liszt. 2:30: "Danse sacree" (Op. 10, No. 1) by Debussy. 4:30: "The Firebird" (Op. 101) by Stravinsky. 6:30: "Les Sylphides" (Op. 10) by Liszt. 8:30: "Danse sacree" (Op. 10, No. 1) by Debussy. 10:30: "The Firebird" (Op. 101) by Stravinsky. 12:30: "Les Sylphides" (Op. 10) by Liszt. 2:30: "Danse sacree" (Op. 10, No. 1) by Debussy. 4:30: "The Firebird" (Op. 101) by Stravinsky. 6:30: "Les Sylphides" (Op. 10) by Liszt. 8:30: "Danse sacree" (Op. 10, No. 1) by Debussy. 10:30: "The Firebird" (Op. 101) by Stravinsky. 12:30: "Les Sylphides" (Op. 10) by Liszt. 2:30: "Danse sacree" (Op. 10, No. 1) by Debussy. 4:30: "The Firebird" (Op. 101) by Stravinsky. 6:30: "Les Sylphides" (Op. 10) by Liszt. 8:30: "Danse sacree" (Op. 10, No. 1) by Debussy. 10:30: "The Firebird" 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# CANADIAN JEWISH LEADERS FROM TORONTO HERE TO EXPRESS SOLIDARITY WITH THE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL



## A MESSAGE FROM MURRAY KOFFLER

and viable homeland for Jews everywhere.

We have come to Israel also to express in person the grief of Canadian Jewry on the tragic losses you have suffered during the critical war imposed on you. We mourn with you, just as we would mourn the loss of a dearly loved relative or friend. For you are our brothers and we are yours.

I want to assure you that a great bridge of love extends across the vast ocean and land mass which separates Canada from Israel. As Canadians, we are grateful we are living in a great and wonderful land where we can live freely as Jews and can participate unhindered in the glorious task of helping build Israel. We are Canadians but we belong also to you, and we want you to know you can always count on us. Just as we know we can always count on you.

On behalf of the Jewish Community of Toronto, Canada, I join with members of our first President's Mission to bring greetings to the people of Israel.

We have come to Israel to meet with the President, the Prime Minister and other officials, and we look forward to meeting with as many people as possible, to gather first-hand information on the situation here during these critical times. We wish to be able to report back to our community on how we can best continue to do our share to help in the noble task of building a strong



MR. L. DULZIN

On behalf of the Jewish Agency Executive, I am happy to welcome the members of Toronto's First President's Mission to Israel.

Only recently in Canada, it was my privilege to witness the magnificent demonstration of solidarity with which Toronto Jewry responded to the threat of the bitter war which Israel's enemies imposed upon us. Here in Israel you will be able to witness the mood and temper of Israel's people as they reckon the cost of this war and turn with heavy hearts but firm resolution to the future. At the same time,

## JEWISH RESPONSIBILITIES IN THE FREE WORLD GREATER THAN EVER

you will be able to witness the grave situations and problems engendered by the war, and make for yourselves the reckoning of the responsibilities which the Jews of the free world must assume.

The spontaneity of Canadian Jewry's response in the dark hours of Israel's travail was an inspiration and source of strength to Jews in Israel and throughout the world. I know that, upon completing your mission, you will return with new insights and fresh understanding, resolute in your determination to lead your great Jewish community to surpass itself in greatness.

Leon Dulzin  
Acting Chairman of the  
Jewish Agency Executive  
THE JEWISH PEOPLE  
IS ONE



MR. E. SHAPIRO

Dear Friends:

You come to us at a time when a mixed feeling of quiet satisfaction, sorrow and grim determination pervades the spirit of our people. Israel's soldiers repulsed the enemy's attacks and pursued him beyond his borders, in those difficult October days. The price we paid in blood was enormous. The cease-fire has quieted the battlefronts. Most of our imprisoned sons have returned and we look forward to the future with an uneasy hope for peace. But the threats to the survival of Israel and the existence of the Jewish people still remain. We dare not ignore them.

During those trying October days, the State of Israel stood almost entirely alone. Once again history's hardest lesson

## THE JEWISH PEOPLE IS ONE

was hammered home. Israel has but one true ally—the Jewish people.

You and the entire World Jewish Community have proven that in the hour of need, the Jewish people is one. You seek no words of gratitude. You have our full appreciation for the record sums which you have raised for Israel. You are our comrades in arms in the joint struggle, which is ultimately a struggle for the existence and survival of the Jewish people the world over.

We are confident that we shall meet all challenges and overcome them. The people of Israel, who have suffered the heavy burdens of war, will have to assume added war loans, taxes and tolls in order to defray the continuing costs of absorbing the thousands of immigrants who arrive each month, and of providing for their vital human needs.

Friends, it is my privilege to share the problems and anxieties of the hour with you, in full confidence that you will continue your support as fully in the future, as you offered it in the past.

B'ruchim Habatim!  
Ezra Z. Shapiro  
World Chairman  
Keren Hayesod—United  
Israel Appeal

## Have Contributed Record Sums To Keren Hayesod-United Israel Appeal Emergency Campaign

More than 100 leaders of the Toronto Jewish Community, augmented by representatives from Winnipeg, are presently touring the country on a special Keren Hayesod-United Israel Appeal Study Mission to learn about Israel's needs of the hour. Upon their return home next week after an intensive nine day visit, they will help boost the community's 1974 campaign for Israel which they hope will exceed the unprecedented record sums collected already.

Heading the Mission is Mr. Murray B. Koffler, Chairman of Toronto's 1974 United Israel Appeal campaign on behalf of Israel. The present mission has been called "The President's Mission" in honour of the President of Israel, on whose behalf the Mission members were invited to participate.

By the time it departs from Israel next Wednesday, the Mission will have met with and heard from the President of Israel, the Prime Minister, Cabinet members, and executive of the Jewish Agency and Keren Hayesod. They will also have visited border areas, a naval base, witnessed the arrival of new immigrants, and received detailed briefings on Israel's human needs at this hour.

The Mission leaders have also taken the opportunity to inform the Jewish Agency and Keren Hayesod executives here of their community's accomplishments to date, and their targets for the forthcoming 1974 campaign. In recounting the crowded events of the last few weeks, Mr. Koffler noted that Toronto Jewry began bringing in their contributions spontaneously and en masse with the outbreak of the Yom Kippur War and that little if any organization or prodding was needed.

### Record Sums

By October 15, less than 10 days after the outbreak of the war, Toronto Jewry had already passed all previous records in funds raised, and the community's leaders were already meeting in New York with a special delegation from Israel to plan further activities. Together with the Israeli delegation which comprised Finance Minister Pinhas Sapir, Acting Chairman of the Jewish Agency, Leon Dulzin and former Army Chief of Staff, Haim Laskov, it was decided to launch the 1974 campaign immediately.

Within three days, more than a thousand contributors of special gifts were invited to an Emergency Campaign Meeting in Toronto's Skyline Hotel. They were told that Messrs. Sapir, Dulzin and Laskov would be on

hand to report on the latest situation in Israel, and they were asked to come to the meeting prepared to make their 1974 pledges.

Nearly all 1,000 persons invited attended the meeting which opened with a memorial for Israel's fallen. The guests from Israel outlined the problems created by the war, and then the campaign chairman called on each and every person in the room to stand and make his pledge. Although this took more than three hours everyone waited his turn to be called. Millions of dollars were raised and all former fund raising records fell in the process.

Mr. Sapir told the assembled guests that this was one of the most outstanding fund raising meetings he had ever witnessed, and he immediately reported on it by phone to his colleagues in Israel.

Immediately after this opening event, all divisions of the campaign launched their activities, utilizing large meetings and rallies to reach the contributors. At each gathering, pledges were secured on the spot. In this way, most of the canvassing was completed in a record three weeks. Normally, canvassers call on prospects personally, and it usually takes up to six months to complete the campaign.

"In all my years of campaigning for the Appeal," said Mr. Koffler, who attended as many as six and eight meetings a day, "I have never seen such willingness by the people of Toronto to contribute to Israel. This great outpouring of love for the people of Israel was truly overwhelming. It proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that the Jews of our community support Israel every step of the way."

### Synagogues Pitch In

One of the most heartening aspects of the campaign was the magnificent way in which the synagogues of Toronto supported the drive. As a matter of fact, the Campaign began unofficially in the synagogues.

As soon as the news of the war was announced in Toronto, Rabbis made urgent appeals from the pulpit calling for financial support for Israel. Mr. Koffler noted that it was the rabbis who first mobilized the community to action. In addition to raising funds from the congregations directly, many of the synagogues turned over large sums of money from their own funds for the campaign. Many projects for which the synagogues had been raising funds were deferred in order to give priority to the Keren Hayesod-United Israel Appeal Campaign.

### Women and Children Help

The Women's Division conducted a telephone on a Sunday and in one day contacted close to five thousand women who had not yet made their gifts.

Even children didn't have to be told about Israel's needs. No formal organization was made for a children's campaign but the youngsters went ahead on their own to raise funds. They emptied their bank accounts, raked leaves, polished shoes, washed cars, worked as babysitters, sold candies house to house, took up collections at the shopping plazas in the Jewish areas, held raffles and bazaars, and conducted numerous other activities which brought in thousands of additional dollars.

The UIA office staff was swamped trying to keep up to date with campaign activities. However, hundreds of volunteers quickly moved in to help, thus enabling the office to operate for up to eighteen hours a day.

Even though there is a cease-fire, there has been no let up in the campaigning. "We will continue our efforts until each and every Jew in Toronto has been contacted for a 1974 contribution," Mr. Koffler declared. He added that members of the present Mission will hold special reporting meetings when they return to Toronto next week, and he feels confident that these will help boost the campaign still further.

## CROWDED SCHEDULE FOR VISITORS

FIRST PRESIDENT'S STUDY MISSION, TORONTO, CANADA  
NOVEMBER 27—DECEMBER 5, 1973  
ITINERARY (subject to change)

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27  
12:30 p.m.  
3:15 p.m.

6:30 p.m.  
8:00 p.m.

7:00 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28  
7:30 a.m.  
8:30 a.m.  
12:00 noon

8:00 p.m.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29  
4:00 a.m.  
7:30 a.m.

8:00 a.m.

3:00 p.m.  
8:00 p.m.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30  
8:30 a.m.

9:15 a.m.  
11:00 a.m. (men and women)

1:00 p.m.

7:30 p.m.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1  
6:30 p.m.  
7:00 p.m.  
8:00 p.m.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 2  
7:00 a.m.  
8:30 p.m.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 3  
8:00 a.m.

8:00 p.m.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4  
8:30 a.m.  
7:00 p.m.

8:00 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5

JERUSALEM  
For Women Participants  
Survey: Jerusalem poverty areas; social gap  
Briefing by Dr. Eliezer Jaffe, Principal Lecturer, School of Social Work, Hebrew University.

For Male Participants  
Visit wounded soldiers at Hadassah Hospital  
Meeting with Teddy Kollek, Mayor of Jerusalem, at David's Tower in the Old City  
Return to hotel

Lunch: Guest of Honour, Mr. Pinhas Sapir, Minister of Finance, at Jerusalem

Dinner and Oneg Shabbat with the Chief Rabbi of the Israel Defence Forces, General Mordechai Piron.

OVERNIGHT—King David Hotel, Jerusalem

SURVEY OF OLD JERUSALEM  
Pilgrimage to Western Wall and survey of Old City

Lunch at King David  
Meeting with Mr. Shmuel Toledano, Prime Minister's Adviser for Arab Affairs

Leave hotel for the Knesset  
Cocktail Reception at the Knesset

Dinner: Guest of Honour, the Prime Minister of the State of Israel, Golda Meir, at the Knesset. (Jointly with the United Jewish Appeal Mission from France).

OVERNIGHT—King David Hotel, Jerusalem

NORTHERN BORDERS AND SETTLEMENTS  
Leave hotel for tour of Golan Heights  
Lunch on route

Return to Tel Aviv, Hilton Hotel  
Dinner: Guest of Honour, Mr. Abba Eban, Minister for Foreign Affairs

OVERNIGHT—Hilton Hotel, Tel Aviv

KEREN KAYENET LEISRAEL (JNF) DAY  
Leave hotel for Lod Airport, for flight to Eilat

Visit kibbutz Yotvata  
Dedication Ceremony, John Bassett Sports Centre

Lunch at the kibbutz  
Return to Eilat for return flight to Tel Aviv

Dinner at Eilat  
Evening in Old Jaffa

OVERNIGHT—Hilton Hotel, Tel Aviv

THE COASTLINE  
Visit Israel Navy Base, Haifa  
Cocktails

Briefing by Naval Officers  
Survey of Haifa and Acre  
Lunch on route

Return to Tel Aviv  
Farewell Dinner

OVERNIGHT—Hilton Hotel, Tel Aviv

Leave hotel  
Transfer to Lod Airport  
Departure

## LEADERSHIP JEWISH REPRESENTED

Mission Leader:

Mr. Paul F. Anisman  
Mr. & Mrs. John Bassett

Ms. Theresa Beck  
Mr. & Mrs. Stephen Berger

Mr. & Mrs. Abe Blankenstein  
Mr. Arthur Cantor

Mr. & Mrs. Murray Cornblum  
Mr. Richard Cornblum

Mr. & Mrs. Eddie Creed  
Dr. & Mrs. Norman Epstein

Mr. & Mrs. Michael Finkelstein  
Mr. & Mrs. Mike Florence

Mr. Max Glicksman  
Mr. & Mrs. Nathan Goldlist

Mr. & Mrs. Edwin Goodman  
Mr. & Mrs. Gerry Granek

Mr. & Mrs. Irving Granovsky  
Mr. & Mrs. Al Green

Mr. & Mrs. Herb Green  
Mr. David B. Greenspan

Mr. & Mrs. Mark Gross  
Mr. Max Guttman

Mr. George Herczeg  
Rabbi Henry Hoshander

Mr. & Mrs. Mel Katz  
Mr. & Mrs. Daniel Kert

Mr. Harry A. Kichler  
Mr. & Mrs. Don Kirsh

Mr. Leon Koffler  
Mr. & Mrs. Murray B. Koffler

Dr. & Mrs. Hart Levin  
Mr. & Mrs. Eddy Levy

Mr. & Mrs. Mark Levy

## OF TORONTO COMMUNITY ON MISSION

Mr. Murray B. Koffler

Mr. & Mrs. David Lipson  
Mr. Gerald Long

Mr. & Mrs. Maurice Lucow  
Mr. David Marks

Mr. & Mrs. Martin Mendelow  
Mr. & Mrs. Saul Merrick

Mrs. Harriet Morton  
Ms. Sylvia Newman

Mr. Shmuel Ovnat  
Rabbi Jordan Pearlson

Mr. Leo Perkel  
Rabbi Gunther Plaut

Dr. David Posen  
Mr. & Mrs. Jack Posluns

Mr. & Mrs. Morton Rapp  
Mr. Ron Rosenberg

Mr. & Mrs. Willie Rosengarten  
Mr. Ron Seligman

Mr. Oscar Shainhouse  
Mr. & Mrs. Max Sharp

Ms. Shoshana Shier  
Mr. & Mrs. Sheldon Silver

Mr. Lloyd Singer  
Dr. Jerry S. Smith

Dr. & Mrs. Kenneth Sniderman  
Mrs. Helen Steinkopf

Mr. Wayne B. Tanenbaum  
Mr. & Mrs. Murray Tapper

Mr. & Mrs. Percy Weinstein  
Mrs. Riva Weinstein

Mr. & Mrs. George Zuckerman  
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Swalg

APPEAL AND THE UNITED ISRAEL APPEAL OF CANADA, INC.

THIS PAGE IS REPORTED BY THE KEREN HAYESOD-UNITED ISRAEL

757.154



# Panels, bad and good

A SUPREME COURT judge I they thought she should have once knew possessed a rare attribute, one non-existent in Israel — he could listen. One could watch him listening, and see the wheels of his brain turning as he carefully evaluated what was being said: if he was asked a question, he would answer it.

This week, we have seen debates and discussions which have been noteworthy for the nature of the questions asked by the audiences, and the uniform dullness of the answers given by the panelists. This applied right across the board, from extreme Right Wing to extreme Left: no one emerged with an enhanced reputation, and no one, that I can remember, gave a clear, crisp answer to any of the questions asked. We have long grown accustomed to the typical conditioned reflex of the Israeli politician; certain questions invariably provoke certain well-known answers from our men in high places.

But now they have developed a new quality. The panelists now give answers to questions they would have been asked up to October 5, 1973. Thus, on Tuesday night's "Moked," for example, when one girl asked members of the panel if they accepted the President's curias thesis that we are all to blame for our calamities, each and every one of us, and, if so, what blame they ascribed to her and to themselves, none of them made the slightest effort to perform the difficult feat of psychoanalysis and introspection requested. From Uri Avneri across to Haim Landa, they trotted out all their answers to the question, "Whom do you blame?" which was what

MANY ISRAELIS, it is true, are thinking along the same lines as they have thought since 1967, are satisfied with the slogans that have satisfied them for so long; others are busy vindicating their thinking to themselves and the world. But both at Ma'agan Michael and the University of Haifa, questioners indicated that they were not satisfied merely listening to hawks and doves justifying their past policies — they wanted to know what new policies

EACH OF the prisoner-of-war stories could be a book in itself. The case of Benny, the biology teacher from Rehovot, brought with it some coincidences special to our communications age. First, the wife's story was shown on television Friday evening. Then, Saturday evening, the re-broadcast of Benny's story on the Weekend Radio Diary (First Programme) was followed by a strangely related item in the day's Bible reading.

A reservist, captured by the Egyptians when the forward position held by him and a few other soldiers surrendered after hard fighting against far superior numbers, Benny spoke with great composure on such subjects as the fact of surrender itself, what happens in prison, the wide range in treatment by the Egyptians ("There was one medic who was very kind to us, and kept our spirits up by always smiling") and the nature of homecoming ("I've simply been away, and now I'm back").

On cruelty in captivity, "I am a pacifist," said Benny, "and consider even a slap a form of cruelty." He remains a humanist in his attitude towards Arabs, pointing out that he has friends and colleagues among them. And he is happy things as well as painful ones. Speaking very carefully, he described his feelings during the sounds of nearby interrogations "as his friends emphasizing that, during captivity, a prisoner remains in an extreme condition of 'alertness to any change — because change is of the essence'."

The Egyptian officer and men who captured his unit appeared to be meticulous about listing exactly who the prisoners were: "They



Yizhar Smilansky and Prof. Talmor: surprises, surprises...



are being offered. As one girl said, how is she to know for whom to vote, if she does not yet know the policies of the different parties? Even the implied promise that anybody who produced a programme was assured of her vote did not tempt anyone to say what their vision of the future was. They forgot that, without the vision, the people perish.

A DISCUSSION of a different kind was "How are things?" on Sunday night, extremely well handled by Ram Evron, in which Yizhar Smilansky, Yonatan Gefen and Yossi Israel — I hope I have got the names right; Ram Evron made little effort to enlighten us as to who they and he himself were — really got down to a fundamental discussion of the problems that are worrying Israelis.

Tumarkin, to my mind a far better army photographer than he is a sculptor, described the kind of questions he was asked at the front, and the attitudes they reflected. "Where are they? What are the generals doing? What is the plan? What became of the well-oiled machine?" A very chastened Aluf (Res.) Avraham Joffe wondered what had happened to Zahal and our belief in it. There was a time, he said, when nobody ever questioned it; we had all thought that Zahal was objective, apolitical, that nobody worried about anybody's private opinions, and nobody sought glory at the expense of his comrades.

Tumarkin said bitingly that the generals have learned to smoke cigars and make speeches in America — adding that every general now has his own private public relations team working for him. I don't know whether he meant this as a joke, but I may mention that a well-known foreign correspondent told me that he is subject to all kinds of Madison Avenue pressures to write up a particular general in a particular way.

The younger men on this panel

added that people are asking basic questions: What are we doing here? What's it all about? Why do we want peace — to get to Tel Aviv and go to a night club; to watch television?

More than ever it became clear that there is a hunger for idealism, that the time for seeing everything only in practical terms is over. Rikki Gid sang some beautiful, sad songs to vary the pace, if not the mood.

Another night, we had a history lesson from Professor Yakov Talmor and others on Great Military Surprises of the World, and their effect on people on the receiving end of them. There was much talk about the Japanese at lack on Pearl Harbour, and the German invasion of Russia; Shimon Peres denied stoutly that there was any comparison between these surprises and October 6, because basically we were adequately armed and aware of the dangers, unlike the Americans and the Russians — and we did turn defeat into a remarkable victory in an astonishingly short time. Nobody seemed to be very satisfied, not even Shimon himself.

EVEN THE youth programme was devoted this week to talking like anything. It was marred for me because the excellent remarks of a young dovelike friend were edited out, and we were submitted to a long, dull discussion about religion instead. If David said what he told me he said about giving up the areas, he would have been much more interesting and controversial than the question of whether wars and horrors are recognizable with a belief in a supreme, all-wise, benevolent divinity.

A very talky sort of week indeed, but endurable, because the questions were interesting and the nightly programmes are now long enough to include a film of some sort by 11:30 p.m., even if we have to work a bit harder for it than when we had Esther Sofer bringing us excellent entertainment every evening.

in David's time; today, the gap takes very different forms.

ONE OF the many changes since the war, that have so dominated recent broadcasts, involves the gap between religious and non-religious soldiers. Monday evening on the First Channel, several military correspondents discussed what they had seen and heard concerning changing viewpoints on religion in times of combat.

No non-believer has yet become observant as a result of battle, it was stated; yet this war has had its impact on many. Agnostics and believers have been brought together, in the view of more than one military correspondent, with an increase in mutual respect — a sad commentary, if true, on the effectiveness of peacetime communications.

One of the most remarkable descriptions was of the non-religious senior officer whose son had been killed. "I have not become religious," he said, "but it has been made clear to me that God which this country has been living during the past few years."

THE BAR-LEV line on the necessity for big cars for ministers, as expounded by the Minister of Commerce and Industry on Gideon Ben-Ari's "Interview of the Month," sounded peculiar. It was one thing for Dutch ministers to appear on bicycles, said Mr. Bar-Lev; but in a country like Israel, "Ministers must do so much travelling." Area of the Netherlands: 12,978 sq.m. Of Israel (1967): 7,992 sq.m.

And the history of the Druse revolt against the French in 1925. Five minutes or so is not too long a time for anyone to take off for absorbing the encyclopedia dose of facts provided by one of our most distinguished experts on the lore of this land — geographical, historical, biblical, linguistic.

The role of the French in Syria nearly 50 years ago is, by the way, a story which echoes appropriately today. Syria's struggle for independence was given new impetus by the military successes of the renowned Druse fighters. And we can do worse than recall that the French bombed Damascus in October, 1925, and caused serious damage by a two-day artillery bombardment.

And so ends a period of broadcasting which had a certain purity — a change in values, even — brought about by the absence of advertising. Now, advertisers too must live, one realizes, and the media are dependent on their bounty. (What sort of society would we have, after all, without constant inducements to buy things we do not really need?) Ce-De sweets concentrated on telling us to give lifts to soldiers — about the most appropriate message for these days. In contrast, there are also calls to buy washing machines, modernized kitchens, luxury flats, gas for your car, and so on.

# WHAT'S ON

Plant a Tree in Israel  
With your Own Hands!  
Free tours for planters to the Hills of Judea leave every Monday and Wednesday from Jerusalem and every Tuesday from Tel Aviv. For details and registration please call Visitors Department, Knesset, 100000, Tel. 232781, 232782, 232783, 232784, 232785, 232786, 232787, 232788, 232789, 232790, 232791, 232792, 232793, 232794, 232795, 232796, 232797, 232798, 232799, 232800, 232801, 232802, 232803, 232804, 232805, 232806, 232807, 232808, 232809, 232810, 232811, 232812, 232813, 232814, 232815, 232816, 232817, 232818, 232819, 232820, 232821, 232822, 232823, 232824, 232825, 232826, 232827, 232828, 232829, 232830, 232831, 232832, 232833, 232834, 232835, 232836, 232837, 232838, 232839, 232840, 232841, 232842, 232843, 232844, 232845, 232846, 232847, 232848, 232849, 232850, 232851, 232852, 232853, 232854, 232855, 232856, 232857, 232858, 232859, 232860, 232861, 232862, 232863, 232864, 232865, 232866, 232867, 232868, 232869, 232870, 232871, 232872, 232873, 232874, 232875, 232876, 232877, 232878, 232879, 232880, 232881, 232882, 232883, 232884, 232885, 232886, 232887, 232888, 232889, 232890, 232891, 232892, 232893, 232894, 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